

## WOMEN CREATED TO PLEASE MAN

At Least so Said Rousseau—  
Other Writers Have Differing Opinions

Provencher Addresses French  
Club on Feminism

It was with a sympathetic and enthusiastic audience that Room 212 Arts Building was filled to overflowing on Wednesday afternoon, when M. Jean Paul Provencher, a student in First Year Law at the university, discussed in some detail the extremely interesting subject of "Feminism."

As far back as the year 1497 we find a publication on "The treasure of the city of Women," by Christine de Pisan; Montaigne wrote on the equality of the sexes. Mollere also described in his "Femmes Savantes" the qualities of learned women. But, M. Provencher pointed out, Mollere was writing a comedy!

### Rousseau's Idea

The question was of little interest during the eighteenth century, calling only for a passing remark by Jean-Jacques Rousseau to the effect that "Woman was created and put in the world expressly to please man," and no one contradicted him. It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century, after political agitations in France had somewhat subsided, that the question of feminism began to be felt, when many societies of women began to be formed. This movement was being encouraged in England and in the United States also.

Now came the question: What is Feminism? M. Provencher says "it is the participation of women in public affairs, the overturning of the natural and social order, the destruction of the family hearth." He then quoted Mirabeau on the destined career of women, adding that, though conditions may have changed since that writer's time, woman herself has not changed.

### Feminism Mark of Our Age

Every age has its mark of modernism, and according to the speaker, feminism is the mark of our age. Every young woman of today has a desire to be independent, and this confidence in herself was fostered, and thrived during the war, when she had to fill men's posts. Yesterday the young girl dreamed of love and a home. Today she dreams of becoming a lawyer, a doctor, or a government minister. In reality because of her sex, her virtues as wife and mother, her devotion and sympathy, the woman is the minister of the interior, not of the country—but of the home.

### Public Affairs Not Her Sphere

Although woman is strong in the home, where love rules (and love forms the whole of a woman's life), she is weak when she enters the arena of public affairs. Demosthenes said, "What it took a man one year to teach me, a woman overthrew in one day." Jules Simon made the remark that "a society where the women were mistresses in the home, and did not appear in public life except through their father or husband—that would be the return to the Golden Age."

### HESS THE HERO!



Confined himself in the Saskatchewan game to scoring 9 points. Watch this backfield phenom in Monday's encounter!

### SUNDAY SERVICE

The regular service will be held in Convocation Hall on Sunday, Nov. 7th. The speaker will be Mr. A. E. Ottewill, and the choir will sing "The Spacious Firmament" (F. J. Haydn). A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all members and friends of the university.

## THE DANSANT

Elaborate preparations are afoot for the Thés Dansant. For those whose native language is not French, this means a Dancing Tea—on Saturday afternoon next in Convocation Hall. Tables will be arranged under the galleries, while the middle of the floor will be reserved for the devotees of the art of Terpsichore. The student orchestra, under Mr. McDougall, has most kindly volunteered its services. Tea and scrumptious refreshments will be served by nurses in uniform from the University Hospital. The object of the affair, as everybody knows, is to raise some funds in order to make the undergraduate nurses as comfortable in their new home as they were in Pembina Hall.

The committee in charge assures everybody of a cordial welcome and a jolly afternoon.

## CLASS '28 DINES, SPEAKS AND SINGS

Fritz Werthenbach New President  
—Dean and Mrs. Howes  
Present at Dinner

With a banquet in Athabasca lounge, and the inauguration of its new executive, Class '28 on Wednesday evening began its activities for the year. Dean Howes, honorary president, presided over the head table, which also seated Mrs. Howes, the representatives of last year's executive, and those newly elected.

During dinner a slight nervousness on the part of the students that holding office is not all beer and skittles, or to speak more accurately, lemon pie and lozenges. When the inner junior had been satisfied, the tables were cleared away, and all formality went with them. "Hep" Aylesworth, retiring vice-president, introduced Fritz Werthenbach, the new president. Miss Aylesworth paid tribute to George Fraser, the president of last year. She spoke of the previous successes of the class, and expressed her confidence that with the help of everyone they could be surpassed in the present year. She then presented to Mrs. Howes a spray of roses to convey the gratitude and appreciation of the executive for her many kindnesses.

Officers Speak  
F. Werthenbach, Emily Horricks (vice-president), George Stanley (secretary-treasurer), Bea Williams, Frances MacMillan and W. G. Archibald (executive), in prose or verse thanked the class for its confidence in them shown in their election.

Dean Howes, a more practised after-dinner speaker than even a junior, gave an entertaining example of how it should be done. The lusty singing of old and new favorites concluded the evening.

## VARSITY STUDIO SOON READY

Students' Council Decides to Organize Frosh Class This Month

The University Department of Extension is prepared to undertake the work of photographing students for the Year-book, the Students' Council was informed at its meeting on Tuesday.

The prospect of having the work done here, on the university premises, should be a pleasant one, especially to class executives. It will certainly mean for them a great saving in time and labor, and should facilitate the production of group photographs more correct in every detail than have yet been obtained. Some additional equipment is still to be installed in the studio, but it is fully expected that photographs can be completed in ample time for all students who wish to have them before Christmas.

In connection with the proposed opening of a Common Room for women in the Medical Building, the president of the union has taken the first necessary steps, and some settlement of this matter can be expected in the near future.

Booklets on Medical Services will be distributed soon to all students. One improvement in the service this year is worthy of special mention. Where the Committee on Medical Services deems it advisable, provision will be made for X-ray examination required by students.

An innovation this year will be the organization of the Freshman Class late in the present month, instead of in January. This should enable Class '30 to prepare with ease for its duties of the spring term. It should also remove, to some degree at least, the handicap under which Freshmen are generally compelled to prepare for the inter-year plays.

The Council authorized the rugby and athletic executives to make arrangements for this university's participation in the Western Canada rugby semi-finals at Vancouver.

By the constitution of the Union, the Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway, may submit to the Council a recommendation as to his successor. As the recommendation of the present editor was not accepted by the Council, the appointment of a new Editor-in-Chief will be made at a later meeting of that body.

## Saskatchewan Varsity Sends Great Team West

Green and White Supporters Certain That Victory Can Be Repeated  
on Thanksgiving Day—and Back Judgment  
By These Facts

The rugby classic of the age will be played at the Varsity Grid at 2:15 on Monday, Thanksgiving Day, when the Green and White of Saskatchewan and the Green and Gold of Alberta will meet in the second and final inter-collegiate match of the season. Alberta will be considerably stronger than they were a week ago when they tasted defeat in a scintillating game at Saskatoon.

Hank Gowda has been conscripted from the Pharmedent ranks to enable Bob Hill to move back to the half

### WILD WALTER



Captain Selnes will lead his companions Monday afternoon against the Green and White. Alberta has a great rugby team—and a great captain.

## THE COMPETITION

Entries for The Gateway's Research Competition must be handed in at The Gateway office on or before Thursday, November 18, and should be addressed to the Competition Manager.

It should be remembered that there are two substantial cash prizes of \$200 and \$100 respectively for this competition. Besides having an opportunity to win one of these prizes, every student should remember that the winners of this competition will be conferring a signal honor on his or her faculty.

In last week's issue a list of references was published, and the following is a supplementary list which we will continue to supplement from time to time.

"The Fuel Problem in Canada," Leslie R. Thompson. Journal of Eng. Inst. Can., February, 1926.  
"The Case of Bituminous Coal," Hamilton. Can. Inst. Mining and Metallurgy, 1922.  
"Canada's Coal Problem," C. V. Corless. Can. Inst. Mining and Metallurgy, 1921.  
"Coal Transportation," M. A. McInnes. Can. Inst. Mining and Metallurgy, 1920.

## What's Doing?

### TODAY

Ag Club banquet (evening), Hudsonia.  
Rooters' Club (evening), Athabasca Gym.

### TOMORROW

Junior Class meeting, 4:30.  
Orchestra practice, 4:30.  
Science Club banquet (evening), Macdonald Hotel.

Saturday, Nov. 6—  
Nurses Thés Dansant, 4 to 8 o'clock, Convocation Hall.

Sunday, Nov. 7—  
Service 11:00, Convocation Hall.

Monday, Nov. 8—  
Thanksgiving Day.  
Rugby 2:30, Varsity Grid.

Tuesday, Nov. 9—  
Debating Society, 4:30.

Wednesday, Nov. 10—  
Philosophical Society, 4:30; Room M-142.

Glee Club practice, 4:45.

Thursday, Nov. 11—  
Wauneta Society, 4:30.

Friday, Nov. 12—  
Mining and Geological Society, 4:30.

Orchestra practice, 4:30.  
Sophomore Reception (evening).

line with Fred Hess, that great kicking half who amazed all Saskatchewan last Saturday. There is quite a possibility of "Obee" O'Brien's getting back into the game, too, as his injuries are healing rapidly. Hill, Hess and O'Brien would undoubtedly make the greatest backfield trio in Western Canada.

Captain Selnes is due to get going again right away, and the other plungers, Agnew, Lavery and Siebert will come with him. Coach Jimmy Bill has been hard at work all week perfecting an offensive system which is positively guaranteed to beat the unusual defensive formation which Saskatchewan employs. The green line, the main source of weakness at Saskatoon, have found their feet—and heads.

No wonder that those who know the game say that the University of Alberta will win the Western Canada title this fall.

### Here is the Opposition

Kent Phillips—Captain of the team and an old hand at the game. Kent is a bucker par excellence. Either he or Chas. Hay will be calling the "huddle." Kent has been out of the game with a bad shoulder, but he is certainly coming back with a vengeance.

Charlie Hay—Is the husky lad who has been calling the plays so successfully in the last two games. Charles came back this year after being absent for the past season, and he is filling a big place on the team.

George Graham—George is the men with the educated toe, and the happy faculty to get touchdowns. Watch him!

Eddie Leslie—The fast man of the backfield. Ed. travels over the earth at a speed that makes him feared by the opposing aggregation. He also can run a broken field to the best advantage and his runs against Alta. will make him tough to stop.

George Porteous—Came back from the coast after three years' absence. George is a bear on plunging and ought to contribute many yards.

Alton Pollard—Has much distance in the end of his boot and two points of the last game came from his shoe leather. Polly can hit the line a mean crack, so he is good all round.

Stanley Carpenter—The man with the grey pants who plays the centre role. Carp. gets them back for the plays to start and puts the other centre on his ear.

"Red" Thackeray—Husky physicist, who plays when Carp. sits on the cooler. Red had tough luck the first game, but is back again.

"Bus" Gordon—That low chunky lad with the fair locks that hits the line like a ton of bricks. Boy, how the men fall before him when a hole is needed.

Vern Thierman—The large boy who teams with Bus, and teams is right, for the hole is large when these boys work in harmony.

Fred Alexander—Holds down the right outside wing the right way. Fred is like the Mounties, he always gets his man.

Johnny Riches—Lengthy John plays the flying wing and he plays it right. He tackles a mean tackle, and he is right by his man when a kick has been booted.

Wilf. Brown—Is one of the best line men that the Varsity has been

(Continued on page four)

### ANNOUNCEMENT

The Saturday night dance has been postponed until Monday night, Nov. 8, when the members of the visiting team from Saskatchewan will be entertained, following the game at the grid on Monday afternoon. Refreshments will be served at a small cost.

### SEVENTH SYMPHONY SEASON

Schools and universities have no exclusive property in education. The advantage which they sometimes possess is that in them the work of placing the mind in touch with the intellectual and emotional life is so systematized as to give some valuable indications of the source, history, and goal of human knowledge and feeling. But no one could afford to set a low estimate on the significance of the theatre in education, nor on the potency of plastic and pictorial art, nor on the culturally formative appeal of music.

In our young civilization we are mostly debarrd by inescapable circumstance from depending much upon the theatre, and we must be content to know pictures and statuary at second-hand. The same might be said of music in other cities of the Canadian West, but in Edmonton we are wonderfully fortunate in having in the Symphony Orchestra an organization which gives us a chance to make a direct acquaintance with concerted instrumental effects on a large scale. Every programme of the Symphony Orchestra presents one substantial classical number as well as several other selections illustrating various schools down to the most modern phases of music. A body of some forty-five performers guarantees sufficient instrumental range for the expression of emotional shading and adequate concerted power for sustained fortissimos.

To university students who know the Symphony Concerts, no further word need be said; let others be advised that among the fortunate circumstances of their college career lies the opportunity to become acquainted with these pleasant Sunday evenings five times in the season, to add to the "light" of the college lectures the "sweetness" of the melodic and harmonic conceptions of the masters of sound. No other college town in Canada presents this chance; let us live up to it.

Charlie Hosford, at the Book Store, will cheerfully discuss arrangements with you, and few discussions will be more likely to end profitably from any point of view. The first regular concert is on December 5.

### SENIOR PLAY COMMITTEE

At a meeting of the Senior Class on Tuesday, the following were appointed to take charge of the Senior Play in the forthcoming competition: R. V. Clark (chairman), L. Hyndman, R. Hamilton, Gwen Little, Mabel Nix.

## SOPH. RECEPTION

Anyone who was present at the Soph. Reception last year will be certain to reserve next Friday night, November 12th. For who would think of missing one of the best dances of the season?

Last year's Freshman Reception to the Sophomores provided a fitting climax to a brilliant social season. It is certain, therefore, that a class which organized such a successful function will excel in the role of host this year.

Those who appreciate good dance-music are assured of a very pleasant time, as Tippi's eight-piece orchestra has been secured for the occasion. As for the decorative scheme, the halls are already buzzing with rumors. But be sure to come on the twelfth, and see for yourself.

## DR. MACEACHRAN REMEMBERED BY

Students in Residence—Date Set  
For Christmas Banquet,  
December 18

At the first meeting of the House Committee, held on Thursday evening, Oct. 28th, Dr. and Mrs. MacEachran were presented with a wedding gift by Ted Brunsden, House Chairman, on behalf of the students. The unanimous approval and best wishes of the university were very well and sincerely expressed by the Chairman of the House Committee.

The Provost replied, much moved by such a sign of goodwill from the students.

This pleasant little ceremony was not all that occupied the attention of the House Committee. Among other items the date of the Christmas Residence Banquet was set for Saturday, Dec. 18th, and will mark the close of the fall term.

The members of the committee present were: Dr. MacEachran, Miss Dodd, W. E. Brunsden, M. Gale, Miss N. Holmes, D. Kellam, F. Dunn, G. Cockle.

## THE DEBATE IS ON!

### Medals Have Been Donated

With this issue the first gun is fired in the Correspondence Debate, Alberta vs. Dalhousie. Alberta is upholding the affirmative of the resolution: That a university regulation requiring regular attendance at lectures is in the best interests of the student body of that university.

Turn to page 3, gentle reader, and you will find the leading "speech." Next week we will hear from Dalhousie. In the following issue Alberta will take the floor. Next Dalhousie, and following that Dalhousie's rebuttal, and finally Alberta's rebuttal.

Medals For Winners  
Through the generosity of Mr. S. J. McCoppen, of the Varsity Tuck Shop, the winners will receive gold medals, suitably engraved (Dalhousie please note!). Mr. McCoppen feeds you when you are hungry, he contributes handsomely to your covered rink, and now, Alberta, he wants to cover your breasts with medals.

Will you let him, or will you force him to mail them east?

### ATTENTION, SENIORS!

The Senior Class will hold a general meeting on Wednesday, November 10, when matters of fees, budget, class memorial and midwinter dance will be presented for discussion. The executive has as yet taken no stand on the honor spirit and distinctive dress program introduced by the senior class of last year under Bruce MacDonald, but discussion on the matter will be welcome.

## LAWYERS LUNCH PROVES POPULAR

Rev. Tait Takes as His Topic  
"Speech" at Fortnightly  
Luncheon

Imagine a Lawyer Being Told  
How to Talk!

The fortnightly luncheon of the Law Club was held in the lounge on Wednesday. The club was complimented in having as their guest and speaker Rev. Thos. Tait, M.A., B.D., who is already well known in university circles for the Convocation address he delivered last May. Mr. Tait was special lecturer at the University of Sydney, Australia, in Public Speaking. In choosing this as his topic, he commanded interest and attention from the club members.

Mr. Tait, in opening, deplored the fact that the majority of those entering the speaking professions, such as law, the ministry, the stage, are not equipped to secure the greatest measure of success due to the fact that they receive no special training in rhetoric. He appealed to those entering these professions to act as "guardians of the English language"; that is, to resist the encroachment of slang and to combat "journalese."

### Speaker Must Be Heard

He advised his hearers that the prime requisite of a successful public speaker is audibility. This depends on cultivation of the voice, which is best achieved by practice. Avoid monotony. Many speakers are monotonous in emphasis, for example sentence. Others are monotonous in stressing the last word in every sentence. Don't try to force your sentences to fit your style. Don't imitate even the best. It is a poor compliment to say of a man in respect of his oratory that he is a second somebody. To improve your vocabulary keep good company—company such as Carlyle, Ruskin or Milton. Read what interests you, but see that it is written by an acknowledged master of correct English. He closed by remarking that there are three kinds of speakers—those you listen to because you have to; those you listen to because you like to, and those you can't help listening to. This last is the class in which a really successful public speaker belongs.

President Cromarty, of the club, was in the chair, and a vote of thanks to the speaker was moved by Jack Marshall. Those present enjoyed Mr. Joly's piano solos.

## THE TEAMS

The teams will probably line up as follows:

Alberta	Saskatchewan
Hess.....	Half.....Graham, G.
Hill.....	Phillips, Capt.
Pullishy.....	Leslie
Mitchell.....	Riches
Gowda.....	Quarter.....Hay
Gourlay.....	Snap.....Carpenter
Siebert.....	Inside.....Thierman
Lavery.....	Brown
Agnew.....	Middle.....Gordon
Selnes, Capt.....	Carr
McDonald.....	Outside.....McNabb
Walker.....	Alexander
Galbraith.....	Sub.....Chappell
Williams.....	Cummings
Lewis.....	Graham, W.
MacKenzie, K.....	Gratias
Powers.....	Porteous
MacKenzie, D.....	McMeans
Begg.....	Pollard
Runge.....	Thackeray
Prettie.....	Ling
Wilson.....	Tyerman
Brown.....	Ingram
O'Brien.....	

Time: 2:15 o'clock.  
Place: Varsity Grid.  
Officials: Stewart Fraser and Moe Liebermann.

## COM CLUB PLANS ACTIVE SESSION

Prominent Business Men Will  
Address Money Wizards  
at Luncheons

The first meeting of the university money-changers and usurers took place last Friday, Nov. 1st, in 142 Arts.

E. C. Kellam, this year's president, opened the meeting, and, owing to the lack of a secretary-treasurer, presented last year's financial statement himself.

After some discussion it was agreed to reduce the fees this year from \$1.50 to \$1.00, owing to the fact that large surpluses accumulate towards the end of the season which are found difficult to dispose of.

Elections next took place to fill the vacant positions of vice-president and secretary-treasurer.

Miss Bessie Thomson was elected for the former, while Ken McKewen will now look after the accounts.

There is quite a large representation of Commerce men in the Fresh class this year, and everyone is looking forward to seeing this year's club eclipse those of all previous seasons in magnitude and accomplishment.

## ROOTERS!

For Monday's game, be at the grid early and in white sweaters. It is hoped that a section of white-sweatered rooters may be organized. Keep these two things in mind, then: Be early; wear white sweaters.





## THE GATEWAY

Undergraduate newspaper published weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

Gateway Office: Room 102, Arts Building. Phone 3026.

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Managing Editor ..... Wayne Stanley  
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Exchange Editor ..... Winnifred Gilhooly  
Women's Editor ..... Molly Grant

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## PHOTOGRAPHS AT HOME!

As many will remember, the possibility of a photographic studio, capable of taking and finishing portraits, being established by the Department of Extension, University of Alberta, was discussed last term. The matter has been under consideration during the summer, and the studio will be in operation in probably two weeks time.

Due in large measure to the labor and initiative of Mr. H. P. Brown, in charge of the Division of Visual Instruction, is such an announcement possible, and as you will see in another column of this issue, eminently satisfactory arrangements have been completed. A competent operator, an excellently fitted studio will make it possible for students to have portraits taken for the year-book, and even for Christmas purposes, on the campus, this term!

If anyone be curious, it would pay in satisfied curiosity, and in the laying to rest of any possible fears as to its ultimate success, to visit the Department's plant. A very adequate and cozy radio studio, broadcasting, as is known, a university program weekly, is before you. This will be fitted as a first-class portrait studio as well.

Here, surrounded by heavy draperies, many of the university will send their voices quivering forth on the ether this winter. Here, portraits of the world's most handsome will be taken. The work will be of a high order, the charges will be moderate, and the accommodation will be close at hand—so close, indeed, that you will be able, almost, to hurry over between lectures and have a sitting!

## RUGBY

Rugby is booming. The university has the provincial title, and all eyes are turned toward a possible Western Canada championship.

These November days are ideal for work and for play. It is stimulating to be outdoors as the sun clambers over a hazy bank of low-lying clouds and emerges to shine in all its Indian summer glory throughout the unhurried dreamy day.

And it is equally stimulating to be at Varsity, to breathe rugby for a few short weeks. Earnest squads are practising everywhere. As the early evening deepens, to hear the thud of the rugby ball, to follow its spinning, elliptical path in the darkening sky—these are glimpses of America's greatest college game.

The final of the interfaculty league, played last week, enticed the fans as few interfaculty events have done. The play was of a high standard, and the competition was of the keenest.

And then senior rugby. The men playing on the senior squad have a team spirit rare and contagious. They are playing the game for all it is worth. The showing at Saskatoon was remarkable. Coach Bill thinks well of his team—"their play was splendid considering their lack of experience."

The University of Saskatchewan plays a return engagement here next Saturday, and they are sending a fine team; few who witnessed the recent game at Saskatoon will deny it. Our men think they are capable of emerging victors at home. "Incidentally, the game at Saskatoon was a spectacular one, a splendid game for the on-looker."

This, the only senior rugby game of which we are sure, should be a thriller.

## A WORD OF APPRECIATION

The Gateway wishes to express its appreciation to the friends of the University, who have taken such an active interest in the Research Competition. It is certainly gratifying to find such a ready response to solicitations for assistance to student projects.

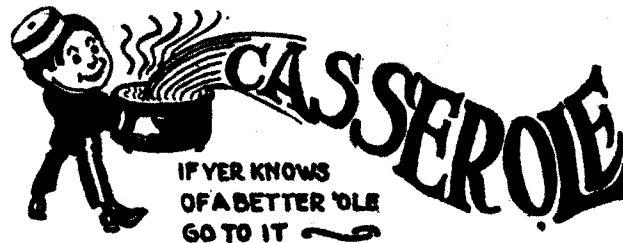
Premier J. E. Brownlee and his cabinet have shown themselves to be true friends of the students, as also have Lieut.-Gov. Egbert, J. B. Starky and E. A. McBain, by their keen interest in our competition. The judges of the competition, Professor D. A. MacGibbon, Professor N. C. Pitcher and Mr. R. J. Dinning should also come in for their share of commendation, as they very readily undertook to carry out the onerous duties requested of them.

It is sincerely hoped that the competitors will realize the responsibility on their shoulders, and will complete articles that are worthy of the confidence that has been shown in their ability.

## EDMONTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Edmonton Symphony Orchestra, only one of its kind in the Dominion of Canada, is about to inaugurate its seventh consecutive season, offering to Edmonton the best in music. A seventh season is assured—but an eighth is not. The E.S.O. will be forced to disband unless it receives greater support.

Music—the best music—should appeal to university men and women if to anyone. University men and women should be the first to patronize a symphony orchestra, should be the first to exert themselves to save it from dis-



## Arise, Ye Gentle Meds and Smitel!

Enter, left, the aged clown leaning upon his trusty staff and leading the rout of Medicals from the rugby field after the Ag-Sci victory.

Departing, right, Donald MacKenzie, who hails him, "Aha, Moses leading the Israelites," and departs faster and further to the right.

Dean Weir, with a razor cut upon one cheek: "Tut, tut. And so it is you, Mr. Harrison. I was sure you'd be married by this time."

Robert: "You don't see me with court plaster on my face, do you?"

## Epitaph—Ten Years Hence

Here lies the body of Captain Henry Acheson, who was killed accidentally in 1936 by his orderly. Well done, thou good and faithful servant.

## Legs

Legs to the right of us,  
Legs to the left of us  
Legs in front of us,  
—How they display them!  
On they go trippingly,  
Frost that bites nippingly  
Does not dismay them.

Straight legs and bandy ones,  
Bum legs and dandy ones,  
Awkward and handy ones,  
Flirt with the breezes.  
Round legs and flatter ones,  
Skinny and fatter ones,  
'Specially the latter ones  
Showing their kneecaps.

Knock-kneed and bony ones,  
Real legs and phony ones,  
Silk-covered tony ones,  
Second to none.  
Straight and distorted ones,  
Mates and ill-sorted ones,  
Home and imported ones.  
"Ain't we got fun."

Marie, Queen of Roumania: "Who was the lady I saw you walking with the other evening?"

Del Edmonds: "That wasn't no lady. That was a Pembinite."

We apologize for using this one, but it's got to appear at least once a year.

## General Information

Ernie Wilson says its roughly 831 1/4 miles to Vancouver. Mails arrive in Edmonton at 8:30, but the letters are not delivered until 10:30. Long distance telephone charges are \$2.45 for three minutes.

Why do these law students go to lectures with half a dozen thousand page tomes under their respective arms? Surely they can sleep much better without them.

Spiders have eight eyes.

## Stan Makes Good

Stan Barker has already secured the peanut concession at the Harvard Grid.

## The Man Hater

By Our Pembina Correspondent

Say sister,  
From now on  
I'm a man-hater.  
Yesterday a senior  
Introduced me to  
The most adorable freshman  
(Oh, yes, he's here though pretty well hidden)  
And he was very very nice to me,  
Asked me, "How I liked car rides  
Especially in an Auburn roadster.  
If I ever went to dances."  
And I just cooed and dimpled and said  
Yes, I love them both, and he said  
What a co-incidence. So do I, and then  
He left me abruptly and went to a lecture.  
Oh, these men!

## A Clean One at Last

R.V.C.: "May I hold your Palmolive?"  
E.H.: "Not on your Lifebuoy."

Eyeglasses were recently used to straighten the eyes of a cross-eyed puppy.

The most reliable men in the world are us collegiates. Certainly. You've never seen a bit of change about us.

## Yes, Big Business Wants College Men

Ian MacDonald announces that his Swimming Club experience has landed him the job of being head greaser to the next channel swimmer.

A prominent Rotarian stated the other day that women were made before mirrors, and R. V. Clark adds to this that they have been before them ever since.

solution. The Gateway makes a special appeal to its readers: "Support the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra this season."

Dr. Tory, Dr. MacEachran and Dr. Alexander are honorary officers of the association, which brings the venture nearer home. But in spite of the work of these and other public-spirited citizens, the Symphony Orchestra faces the future with no great amount of confidence.

The programs given throughout the winter will be a constant source of delight. Nothing more worth while will be offered here this winter. It would be very gratifying to find a large number of university people subscribing to the Symphony this year.

## NOTES

## Gowns For Seniors

In an attempt to find a way of distinguishing Seniors the students of Western Ontario University are discussing the merits of gowns for Seniors. Besides helping Freshmen to distinguish these worthies from others, they will be useful to the wearers, since they may serve as umbrellas, sweaters or pen-wipers when need arises.—Western W. Gazette.

## Shield Given for Freshman Contestants

McGill is holding a Freshman impromptu speaking contest, in order to discover and develop new debaters. A trophy known as the Bovey Shield is to be awarded. — McGill Daily.

## Golf Champions

McGill University captured the Intercollegiate Golf championship for the second time since the matches were begun four years ago.—Toronto Varsity.

## Prize For One-Act Play

The Dramatic Society is offering a prize of \$25 for the best one-act play written by an undergraduate, this play to be produced by the society.—Manitoba.

## Students Unable to Vote

According to Assistant Chief Election Officer, students of Toronto Varsity who live in residence are not eligible to vote in the coming provincial elections, since they are not "domiciled" in Toronto. — Toronto Varsity.

## Grads in Abundance

Approximately 272 students are Graduate Studies representing unregistered in the Department of varieties from all over the world. Africa, Asia, Australia, Europe and the United States are represented.—Toronto Varsity.

## Seniors Make Pilgrimage

The Senior Class made their annual pilgrimage last week to the grave of Dr. Frank Westbrook, to honor the memory of the first president of the university. This custom, begun some years ago, has become a tradition.—The Ubysey.

## Advices Early Marriage

A professor of Geneva College advocates early marriage on the part of students. In his opinion there should be a law that no student should pass the sophomore year without taking unto himself a wife.—Toronto Varsity.

## S.C.M. Conference

The second national conference of Canadian students will be held at MacDonald College, near Montreal, during the Christmas vacation. Saskatchewan expects to send eight delegates.—Sheaf.

## Freshmen Stage Lit.

On Friday night the Literary year was ushered in by the Freshmen and Freshettes.—The Sheaf.

Jim and Bill were bear hunting. When they came to a large cave Bill, the nerviest, went in. After a few moments sounds of a violent scuffle floated out.

"Have you got 'im, Bill?" shouted Jim.  
"Yes," answered Bill, "come in and help me let loose of him."—McGill Daily.

To Publish Canadian College Songs  
The University Glee Club purposes to publish a song book of Canadian college songs at a future date. In order to secure songs the club will hold a competition through the me-

SENIORS MEET  
NEW EXECUTIVE

Annual Banquet held in Honor of Old and New Class Leaders

Following their elections last Friday afternoon, Class '27 held their annual banquet in Athabasca Lounge. This function was attended by Dr. and Mrs. Hardy, with nearly a hundred class members.

First of all, Mr. Harold Reiber, retiring president, reviewed the activities of the past year, showing what a remarkable achievement had been made in the interyear plays, the junior promenade, and other lesser functions.

Then, on behalf of the retiring executive, Frances Shillington presented Mrs. Hardy with a beautiful bouquet of roses.

Following the presentation, Mr. Jack Gerrie, new class president, introduced the new executive. Mr. Gerrie heartily thanked the members for their support and expressed his satisfaction that the election had been so closely contested by Mr. Eric Stuart.

The remainder of the executive then introduced were: Vice-president, Jean Folkins; sec.-treas., Art Willis; executive, Kay Reed, Gwen Taylor, Don Currie and Reg. Hamilton.

This rather formal part of the banquet was followed, first of all, by a stirring speech from the Honorary President, Dr. Hardy, who emphasized the necessity for individual originality.

The rest of the program consisted of two well-rendered songs from Geo. Conquest and a gracefully executed sword-dance by Miss Grace Dunlop. Art Willis recited two short, humorous incidents in dialect, and James Campbell completed the more aesthetic side of the program with several beautiful marimbaphone selections.

dium of the Manitoban. — The Manitoban.

The McGill Daily has instituted a Book Review Column to appear once a week. The first review dealt with Stephen Leacock's new book, "Winnipegged Wisdom."—McGill Daily.

Manitoba Becomes Bi-Weekly Paper  
At a recent meeting of the staff of the Manitoban, it was unanimously decided to publish a four-page edition twice a week. The staff, which has now over fifty members, is to be divided, one-half to be in charge of the Monday issue, the other to look after Thursday's paper.—Manitoban.

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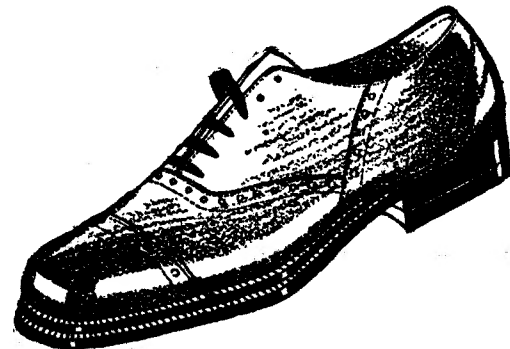
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## THE DEBATE

Following is printed the first article in the Correspondence Debate on the subject of compulsory attendance at lectures. The leader of the Alberta team, Jack Sweeney, supporting compulsory attendance, contributes the first speech. Read it!

To the expectant public of six continents and of seven seas I announce the subject of this debate: "Resolved, that a university regulation requiring regular attendance at lectures is in the best interests of the student body of that university." Dalhousie says "No." We say—otherwise. Poor old Dalhousie, way down there on the way to St. Pierre! We didn't start this. It was Dalhousie. "Who?" we says. "You!" they says. "Us?" we says. "Yes," they says. "Oh!" we says. Seconds out. We're university students and gentlemen and our parents are ladies and we'll take nothing from Nova Scotia and the British Empire Steel Corporation put together.

I laughed once. I was staying with a wheat rancher. A neighbour who had lately arrived from Nova Scotia came over to visit us. He stayed for dinner, supper, bed and breakfast. You get the setting?—a university student, another gentleman, a shack on a wheat ranch, a Nova Scotian. After breakfast the immigrant washed.

"Ha!" he said, "Ha!" He took down the westerner's tooth brush. "You know, I ain't used one of them things these fifteen years," he said. He cleaned his teeth and put the brush back in the rack. After

he was gone the man began to swear. "It's all right, Harvey," I said. "He doesn't know any better. He's from Nova Scotia."

"Hell!" said Harvey. "He's from Nova Scotia, but he was on the train all the way from there, wasn't he?"

Let us digress a moment to look at the debate. Is Dalhousie really serious? Are we justified in wasting postage stamps? (Now, don't say the obvious thing.) I am of the opinion that this subject admits of no argument. I don't believe the defendant will appear.

Look! Compulsory attendance is absolutely necessary. For why? Because no lady would ever attend a lecture voluntarily. Think not! Suppose your maiden aunt went into a lecture room three times a week and sat in front of a table with legs on it. Do you mean to tell me that she could be a university student and a lady and look her dearest friend in the face after that. I hope not. I hope at least that in the West we have not such creatures.

Now, you've attended lectures. You've attended every lecture throughout the year, maybe, and got gold-darned little out of the course. Some lectures are that poor! Cats! But suppose you missed any, how much would you get? You'd get nothing. Not any.

It's in the best interest of the student body to attend lectures. You go in and sit down in a seat for an hour and it does you good. If you want to develop your biceps what do you do? You throw stew across the table. If you want to develop your legs what do you do? You run away. If you want to develop your neck what do you do? You neck. In all these ways the student body is developed. There are other important parts of the body that need exercise. How can you get that exercise? Go and sit in a chair for an hour. It broadens your mind.

We have had a meeting of our logicians and we have anticipated that you will say that if the lectures have to stand on their own merits to attract attendance that better lectures will be the result. Don't do that! It's useless. We're a virile people in these western parts, and we'll crack you wide open if you make that groundless assertion. I'll tip you off. It isn't poor attendance that makes poor lectures, but vice-versa, just the same as the fact that poor sausages don't make poor dogs. It's the poor dogs that have to make the sausages. You see?

In the third place, please don't argue that perfunctory attendance would tend to eliminate the careless and lazy student. That would eliminate so many of us that the professors would have to go back to the land. The rural fastnesses would be a howling chaos of endless wars over whether Shakespeare said "or" or "and," or whether an atom is this or that. Far better that we should keep those shaggy and learned gentlemen here where they are understood. They do little harm around a university.

We'll moralise. Compulsion is not an unmixed evil. Saturday night is a date for a party because attendance at church on Sunday is voluntary. We have services in Convocation Hall on Sunday morning, but the only time I was ever there the only other student I saw was The Gateway reporter, and I was the reporter that morning myself. Sunday night is sacred because lectures must be attended on the morrow. Com-

pulsion. Compulsion! Church parades made the army Christian, the professors repeat the jokes. Halifax was awakened in 1917. Hurrah for compulsion!

To save you the trouble of telling us that university students are grown-ups and too intelligent to be in need of discipline, I'll tell you a little thing. They're High School graduates, away from home for the first time and spending their father's money. Their hat bands nearly do them for belts. They can't discriminate between fun and foolishness, and they aim at being individualistic and become snobbish instead. They're normal young people. You and I both, Mabel. Vimy Ridge was taken by young men who were intelligent and individualistic and foolish and disciplined. The Somme had taught them a lesson. Beware lest the first tests this fall do the same to ye! Us who have ears to hear let us hear.

As regards working in groups: Will any wise Dalhousieholder tell how this can be done efficiently under a system of voluntary attendance? No? Neither can we.

Well, I've said nearly a thousand words, and it is time to attend a lecture where the roll will be called. If it were not for that I'd flunk the lecture and keep on telling you things you don't know. That roll call makes both you and me happier. And now, I'm going.

The crop out here was fair this year. The rhubarb didn't come up to expectations, but the hens did well. How are the fish? Write if you have anything to say.

### AMERICA MADE NO CONTRIBUTION TO CIVILIZATION

Debaters at First Open Forum of Session Argue the Question—Good Turnout

Those students who are interested in more or less informal debating were given opportunity to display their talent at an open forum debate held in the Arts Building on the evening of Friday, October 29th. A very fair number of students were present, the speakers followed one another in quick succession, and interest rarely flagged.

The subject under discussion was: "Resolved, that America has made no great contribution to civilization."

J. A. Anderson, president of the Debating Society presided, and after the minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted, he called on Max Wershof to open the debate by a defense of the affirmative.

Mr. Wershof defined his terms and put forth his arguments to prove that America has made no great contribution to civilization. He pointed out that the affirmative were at a disadvantage in having to uphold a negatively-worded resolution, and that the inherent vagueness of the resolution must be minimized by strict definitions, and from that point the debate proper was well under way.

#### Upheld Affirmative

Among those who upheld the affirmative were Messrs. M. Wershof, J. Carlson, J. Adam, R. Clark, E. Edmunds, and D. MacKenzie. Some of the arguments put forward by these men were convincing and to the point. Max Wershof, in his opening speech, called attention to the fact that America (the North American continent) has nothing to place beside the great contributions of the older civilization. She has no culture or art to compare with that of Greece, no great religious conception to compare with that of Israel, no great standards of law and government to compare with that of Rome. On the other hand, America has had

#### CONTRIBUTORS

The Gateway wishes to make it clear that it will not publish anonymous contributions, articles or letters. It is not necessary that the name be printed in every instance, although it is most desirable, especially in the correspondence column. We must know the writer in every instance, however. Therefore, please sign your articles, and state whether you wish correct name or fictitious one printed.

far more opportunity to make a great contribution than the other countries in that she is not situated in the battleground of nations, and is large, populous and wealthy. An interesting illustration was given: When the majority of professors in United States universities were asked by a leading magazine of that country for the names of the fifteen greatest men in the arts and pure sciences contemporary with ourselves, thirteen non-American names and two American names were returned. America was shown to have very little or none at all, architecture, literature, education with which to contribute to general civilization. Advances in material things, the gifts of modern science and wealth itself were claimed to be negligible factors by the affirmative speakers.

#### Negative Come Back

However, the opposition quickly and forcibly made it apparent that America was not utterly abandoned and destitute of all culture. Among others, Messrs. C. B. Fisher, S. Fisher, R. Fraser, C. Edwards, R. Kilnick and R. Martland defended the New World. The example of America in abolishing class-distinction was dwelt upon, and the far-reaching influences of America's "new democracy." Modern scientific advancement was defended, and more or less conclusively shown to be concomitant with an advance in civilization. Much discussion centered around the question of "mass production."

#### Verdict for Affirmative

At the close of the discussion, a vote on the resolution gave a slight

majority to the affirmative. When the meeting broke up, opinion was generally expressed that it had been both enjoyable and helpful. It is to be hoped that more of the same kind will be held often, with subjects of vital interest and importance to all.

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#### CONTINGENT ORDERS

Part I, No. 19-26, by Lieut.-Col. F. A. Stewart Dunn, Commanding U. of A. Contingent, C.O.T.C. Nov. 2, 1926.

Para. 85—Orderly Duties  
Orderly officer for week: Lieut. W. G. K. Bloor.  
Next for duty: Lieut. J. P. Ellis.  
Orderly Sergt. for week: Sgt. G. S. Field.  
Next for duty: Sgt. J. R. B. Jones.

Para. 86—Parades, Tuesday, Nov. 9, 1926  
Band (brass) will parade at 4:30 p.m. sharp, with instruments, in Room 404 Arts Bldg.  
Dress: Civilian clothes.  
Syllabus: Instruction, Lieut. and Bandmaster W. B. Cromarty.  
Band (bugle), as for Brass Band.  
Certificate "A" Infantry will parade outside, rear Arts Bldg., at 4:30 p.m. sharp.  
Dress: Civilian clothes.  
Syllabus: Company drill and marching, with arms.

Certificate "A" Medicine, as for Certificate "A" Infantry.  
Lewis Gunners will parade at 4:30 p.m. sharp, in Room 135 Arts Bldg.  
Dress: Civilian clothes.  
Syllabus: Instruction, Lieut. G. Riddehough.  
Signallers will parade at 4:30 p.m. sharp, in Room 139 Arts Bldg.  
Dress: Civilian clothes.  
Syllabus: Instruction, Lieut. F. Kunst.

"B" Company will parade outside (weather permitting), rear of Arts Bldg., at 4:30 p.m. sharp.  
Dress: Civilian clothes.  
Syllabus: Rifle and squad drill.  
Para. 87—Parades, Thursday, Nov. 11, 1926

Band (brass) will parade at 4:30 p.m. sharp, with instruments, in Room 404 Arts Bldg.  
Dress: Civilian clothes.  
Syllabus: Instruction, Lieut. and Bandmaster W. B. Cromarty.  
Band (bugle), as for Brass Band.  
Certificate "A" Infantry will parade at 4:30 p.m. sharp outside, rear Arts Bldg.  
Dress: Civilian clothes.  
Syllabus: Extended order drill by Platoons, under officers.

Certificate "A" Medicine will parade at 4:30 p.m. sharp in Room 347 Medical Bldg.  
Dress: Civilian clothes.  
Syllabus: Stretcher drill; C.S.M. Klingaman.

Lewis Gunners will parade at 4:30 p.m. sharp in Room 135 Arts Bldg.  
Dress: Civilian clothes.  
Syllabus: Instruction, Lieut. G. Riddehough.  
Signallers will parade at 4:30 p.m. sharp, in Room 139 Arts Bldg.  
Dress: Civilian clothes.  
Syllabus: Instruction, Lieut. F. Kunst.

"B" Company will parade at 4:30 p.m. sharp in rear Arts Building (weather permitting).  
Dress: Civilian clothes.  
Syllabus: Platoon and company drill, with arms.

Para. 88, M.F.B. 287—Officers  
The following officers will report to the Orderly Room immediately and fill in the necessary forms: Lieutenants Banks, Russell, Kunst and Riddehough.

Para. 89—Issue of Equipment  
Equipment will be issued to members of the unit on dates as posted.  
Para. 90—Lewis Gun Demonstration.  
Arrangements are being concluded for a practice shoot, weather permitting, on Saturday, November 13th, at the East Edmonton Ranges. Further notice will be posted, and Certificate "A" candidates are particularly advised to attend.

PERCY DAVIES, Captain and Adjutant, U. of A. Contingent, C.O.T.C.

## NEARER

Due to an oversight, the initials of the contributor whose article "The C.C. Case," appeared in our last issue were omitted. The article in question was signed R.V.C.

C.C. makes bold to reply in the following words:

Anent "The Nearing Case" another article has come to hand, written anonymously, and for which therefore we must take responsibility on ourselves for publishing. It is in full as follows:

"C.C." writing in The Gateway of Oct. 21st, under the heading, "The Nearing Case," says of Dr. Scott Nearing: "he is moderate, and consummately at home with his subject, irreproachably true to the fact, if not the spirit, at all times. He is rare. Incendiaryism, distortion of facts, propaganda, are all too common in labor-meeting speeches."

These statements may be seriously questioned by one who attended Dr. Nearing's meetings in Edmonton merely with the desire to learn, and not to strengthen any previous convictions.

Dr. Nearing, as a Doctor of Philosophy, a former professor of a great university, and a man of very considerable intellectual qualities, must have realized that he was being absolutely dishonest with his audiences when he left out of his picture of Russia the story of the terrorization and slaying and torturings of the cheks, the dreaded Soviet secret police, headed by the late Felix Dzerzhinsky, "the most horrible monster that ever polluted the earth"; when he said nothing of the smouldering discontent of the great peasant groups, which only requires the breath of a strong leader to burst into flame; when he spoke not a word of the almost complete destruction of family life among the industrial and urban classes brought about by the practical abolition of a rigid form of marriage, and the resultant demoralization of a large section of the population.

#### Half Truths

These are acknowledged and well authenticated facts. Dr. Nearing did

(Continued on page six)



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# SPORTS

Edited by Don MacKenzie



## BASKETEERS, HO!

The senior and intermediate basketball squads are already beginning their work-outs for the season, and will meet next on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The enthusiasm evidenced at the three practices held to date, and the formidable list of basketball devotees compiled from the Freshman questionnaires, would seem to argue that even the veterans of previous seasons will find themselves up against the toughest sort of job to hold their positions.

A good proportion of last winter's teams are back, but there is plenty of room for talented newcomers who have ambition to make either the first or the second team.

## RUGBY TEAM PLAYS VICTORIA NOV. 13

Western Canada Semi-Final to be Played at Coast in a Week's Time

Varsity will meet the Victoria Rugby Club on November 13 at the coast city, in the Western Canada semi-final rugby match. The final game will be played at the home park of the team winning the semi-final.

Victoria rose to the British Columbia championship by victories over Vancouver and the University of British Columbia, both of which were represented by strong teams. Victoria's lineup shows a judicious mixture of youngsters who have gained their experience from British rugby, and veterans who have been transplanted from other parts of the Dominion. In the latter class is Art "Curly" Lewis, formerly of Queen's, ranked by the Toronto Globe as one of the four finest snap-backs who ever played on a Canadian gridiron.

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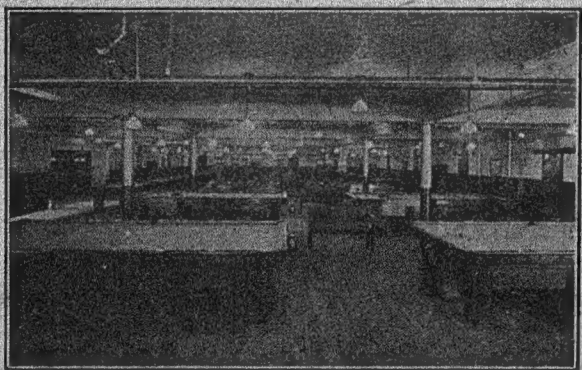
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## Alberta's Finest Out In Force For Monday's Game

Team Strong Individually and Collectively—These Twenty-three Should Strike Fear Into Saskatchewan Hearts

Individual prowess is often discounted in the judging of a rugby team, simply because it is secondary to team play. The best teams, however, have both. In case any one should wonder upon what basis the powers-that-be make this statement, the following thumb-nail sketches are handed out. Some of them were born rugby players, and all the others were properly brought up:

**Gourlay** (pronounced Gurlie)—Centre, 205 lbs. Varsity's snap this year bears the title of "the fighting school teacher of Lacombe." He is a hockey star, but this is his first appearance on the Varsity senior rugby squad.

**Laverty**—Right inside wing, 185 lbs. Laverty is one of the veterans of this year's team. Has represented Varsity for several years, learning the game here. Saskatchewan will have a tough job making any holes in the line at this point.

**Seibert**—Left inside, 195 lbs. This husky lad from Roster, Sask., will form Gourlay's left bower. Graduated from interfaculty rugby last year. Also played intermediate basketball. Motto, like the French at Verdun, "They shall not pass."

**Agnew**—Right middle, 195 lbs. Another veteran rugby star. Has several years past experience. Like most of the members of the team, learned the game here. Saskatchewan's left middle can be assured of plenty of action keeping Terry in check.

**Selnes** (captain)—Left middle wing, 200 lbs. "Wild Walter," the snappy "forty-beer man," has played on Varsity rugby squads almost since the game was invented. In the line he is most like the rock of Gibraltar, while he has gained an enviable reputation as a line plunger. Can always be depended on to "make" his yards when required.

**Walker**—Outside wing, 180 lbs. This speed demon combines the speed of an express train with the weight of a lineman. Learned his rugby at Prince Albert High School. Represented Com-Law last year. Has an enviable reputation as a sprinter. It is said, "when he hits 'em they know it."

**McDonald**—Outside wing, 155 lbs. "Deepee" is playing senior rugby for his third successive year, having learned the game here. As a tackle he has become a terror to opposing backs, while he usually beats the kick to its destination. McDonald's record as a rugby star bids fair to rival his hockey fame, if such a thing be possible.



**Hill**—Quarter, 160 lbs. Learned rugby at Crescent Heights High, Calgary, later representing Calgary Juniors against the Saskawans in the Western Canada Junior final. Represented Varsity last year. As a quarter he combines pep, resource, speed and an ability to tackle. Reported in Saskatchewan as being the "best quarter seen there in years." Bob intends to pilot Alberta to victory on Monday.

**Bright**—Line-half, 210 lbs. Varsity's phenomenal "weights" man, is building an equal reputation as a rugby star. He has played the game here for several years, and has this year gained a regular berth as line-half. When Bright goes through the line he resembles Gulliver and the Lilliputians. Is the closest resemblance yet to the scientific dream of an "irresistible force." The Saskatchewan line will need a reinforcement of concrete to stop this baby.

**Pullishy**—Line-half, 175 lbs. This boy is an invaluable addition to the team this year. He was the star of the V.H.S. team for two years at the time they held the provincial high school championship. Later gained a place on the celebrated Eskimos. He plays basketball and rugby with equal facility, and strengthens Varsity's hopes of the result Monday very materially.

**O'Brien**—Half, 185 lbs. The fans are still talking of how this strawberry blonde clipped the claws of

**LEN COCKLE HOLDS DOMINION RECORD**

Inter-Collegiate Javelin Championship Held by Alberta Athlete

Len Cockle, of the university, holds the inter-collegiate javelin record as a result of his phenomenal toss at the Western Canada meet two weeks ago. Len's best throw upon that occasion was 154ft 2in.

Ramanoff, of McGill University, broke the existing Eastern Canada inter-collegiate record of 148ft. by a throw of 153ft. 4 1/2 in. at the inter-collegiate meet in Toronto on Oct. 29. Cockle's record is 9 1/2 inches better than the eastern record, and the Canadian championship therefore comes to him.

last year's Calgary Tigers. "Obie" brings the fans to their feet with his bucking and broken field running. This is his third year on the team, and his second in the backfield. An injured rib kept him out of the game at Saskatoon, but the fans will probably see him in action Monday. Obie intends to make Monday a real Thanksgiving Day—for the U. of A.

**Hess**—165 lbs. Learned his rugby at Western Canada College. Packs a kick like the proverbial "mule." At Saskatchewan he was outkicking the opposing backs on every exchange. This punter "de luxe" will give Saskatchewan their second lesson in booting on Monday. It's a tough day for the pigskin when this lad is in action.



**Power**—Backfield, 160 lbs. Power is another product of V.H.S. Later he "made" the Junior Eksks—junior provincial champs for two years. He is representing Varsity on the greensward with the same ability and trickiness as he has on the ice. He filled the gap left by O'Brien's inability to play at Saskatoon, and filled it well. "Pal" will get lots of opportunity to repeat his successor on the 8th.

**Begg**—170 lbs. This husky wrestler, who excels at either end or half positions, drops his opponents to the turf with the same ease as he pins them to the mat. The absence of one of the regulars will not matter much with this boy ready to step in.

**Williams**—175 lbs., of Freshman fame, is ready to step into the line or backfield. He learned the game at V.H.S. and later with the Junior Eksks. Coming along in great style.

**Galbraith**—190 lbs. This little tot forms Varsity's reserve for the heavy artillery. In the line he is quite immovable, and he will be in readiness to fill any gap there at a moment's notice.

**Lewis**—Line-half or quarter, is another Calgary high school product, ready to tear into the Saskatchewan line when called on.

**Prittie**, also from Calgary, Wilson, and Brown, of interfac fame, are Coach Bill's reserves for the end positions, all possessing a nice turn of speed and an ability to tackle with sureness.

**K. MacKenzie** learned the game at Seona. Ken is very fast on his feet, and is a very valuable backfield man. **D. MacKenzie**—The Gateway's versatile Sports Editor, determined to study rugby at first hand. Graduated this year from the Arts squad.

**Gowda**—One of the mainstays of this year's Pharmedent team. Learned rugby at V.H.S. Also a basketball star. Is a very valuable acquisition to the senior squad as a quarter-back.

**Runge**—Middle wing or line-half, 178 lbs. "Growling Gus," of the Ag-Sci championship team, has answered the call to the greater service. Alas for any poor Saskites whom he hits.

**Mitchell**—Line-half, 170 lbs. Bob has come out of retirement to line up once more. He can be stopped, it is said, but such occurrences are very unusual.

**SASKATCHEWAN VARSITY SENDS GREAT TEAM WEST**

(Continued from page one)

fortunate in having and Wilf. can make them fall hard and often. He is a bear at the clipping game, and we aren't talking of barbers.

**"Bally"** Carr—Works along with Wilf, and he works all the time. "Bally" just came back this year and the team welcomes him with open arms, for Bally is a real lineman.

**Ernie McNab**—Holds down the left end job and has done so for the odd few years. He teams well with Alex. and Johnny, and they usually haul their men to terra firma.

**Phil McMeans**—Flies at flying wing. Phil was put out of the first game with an injured ankle, but it has mended and he will pile in again Monday.

**Bill Graham**—Husky pastor, who works like a million in the line. Bill forgets his teaching and makes them fall instead of making them rise.

**Orville Gratias**—Is in the best condition to take a place in the line, for he has been tossing the odd weight about for the last month.

**George Ling**—Is a tough man on the opposition, for he has a nice tackle that makes the boys drop. Plays on the end and knows his onions.

**Don Tyerman**—Has been playing for years, and handles the wing job like a veteran.

**Jack Cummings**—Is a product of the Sask Junior League. He is fast on his feet and can run a broken field to perfection. Big things are expected of Jack.

**"Sprucer"** Ingram—Another product of the Junior League and a good man on the tackle. Ingram will be O.K. with a little more experience.

## GREEN AND WHITE TAKE FIRST GAME

Dazzling Aerial Attack Thrills Saskatoon Fans—Hess Stars for Alberta

In the most spectacular game of rugby that has been witnessed in Saskatoon for many a day, the Green and White of Saskatchewan triumphed over the University of Alberta by the close score of 11-9.

The play was fast and open, the aerial attack being employed to great advantage by both teams. Hess of Alberta provided the greatest thrills in this department. His reliable punts travelled at least fifty yards, and on many occasions soared over the heads of the outguessed Saskatchewan backfielders. Pollard, of the prairie team, attempted to return the punts of his rival, but the Alberta wings prevented him from kicking effectively. The superiority of Alberta in these kicking duels was unquestionable.

However, the Saskatchewan boys had a distinct edge in the line plunging department. Aided by a fast and sure interference system, the Saskatchewan plungers made repeated gains of eight or ten yards through the Alberta line. On one occasion these smashing tackles carried Saskatchewan to Alberta's one-yard line. Then to the surprise of every one the green Alberta line held the fierce Saskatchewan bucks on seven successive downs. Hess kicked immediately to relieve the situation.

The first points of the game fell to the home team. Gourlay, playing the first rugby game of his short but colorful career, shot the ball far above the head of his kicker, and Hess, hit low from behind as he recovered, dropped the ball. A speedy Saskatchewan man fell upon it for the first five points of the game. The touch was converted.

**Began to Kick**

From this point on Hill, the Alberta quarter, called for the kicking game. Hess's long punts caught Saskatchewan napping repeatedly; the Saskatchewan backfielder missed catches in the face of fierce tackles, and Alberta made rapid gains into scoring positions. Invariably Hess kicked for points. Shortly before the end of the first half, fifteen yards from the Saskatchewan line, Hill pulled a perfect drop kick, which Hess dribbled past the opposition, finally picking it up to race for Alberta's touch, the second and last of the game. The same player converted it from a difficult angle.

Returning to the field with newfound fury in their attack and profiting from their experiences of the first half, the Saskatchewan boys opened up an offensive which carried them within striking distance of Alberta's line time and time again.

**I WONDER, NOW—**

The Sports Editor is anxious to know why the "Rules and Regulations for Visiting in Pembina Hall" were left in his pigeon-hole in The Gateway office desk.

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A Particular Place for  
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University Students Welcome

**JOHNSON'S CAFE**

IN THE HEART OF THE CITY

On each occasion they chose to take the one sure point rather than repeat their experience with a solid Alberta defence, and the score crept up to 9 all, and finally as the whistle sounded to 11-9 Saskatchewan.

**Offside Called**

Alberta was unfortunate in the last quarter, when MacDonald captured an inside kick and started off on what looked like a 60-yard run, only to be called back by the judge of play, that dignitary insisting that the fleet winger had been offside.

Hess, with all of Alberta's points to his credit, was distinctly a star; Hill managed his team well and got in much effective tackling and some positively scintillating runs. MacDonald, Walker and Pullishy gave the best tackling exhibition of the game. The new line men gave evidence of their greenness, but also indisputable evidence of real rugby ability. Agnew, Selnes and Laverty played their usual reliable games.

Leslie, Kent Phillips, Bally Carr, Charlie Hay and Ernie McNab were the most effective of the Saskatchewan warriors. Hay and Phillips were particularly brilliant on offense, while the others gummed up many of Alberta's efforts with their hard low tackling.

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In other words, here you can select, with careful assistance, a hat that suits your particular type.

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A clean, quiet place to play.

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Next Monarch Theatre



# FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OCT. 30, 1926

## STANDING OF CLUB ACCOUNTS

Women's Hockey	\$ 547.00
Women's Tennis	32.95
Women's Basketball	172.00
Women's General	49.17
Men's General	154.00
Men's Swimming	13.00
Men's Tennis	30.95
Men's Soccer	26.00
Men's Boxing	68.40
Men's Rugby	446.12
Men's Basketball	475.00
Men's Hockey	476.50
Men's Track	476.50
Lit. General	20.00
Lit. Glee Club	135.00
Lit. Orchestra	155.00
Lit. Debating	201.25
Lit. Dramatic	92.00
Gateway	1,127.50
Wauneta	891.45
S. U. Administration	557.00

	\$5,169.29	\$ 46
S. U. General		5,168.64
	\$5,169.29	\$5,169.29

Bank Balance Sept. 30, 1926	\$ 237.85
Deposits to Oct. 30	1,276.02
	\$1,513.87
Withdrawals to Oct. 30	1,096.91
Balance Oct. 30	\$ 416.96

W. S. ROSS,  
Treasurer, Students' Union

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## Do We Take Our Debating Too Seriously?

By Pachyderm

An ancient, powerful yet almost forgotten thrill awaited your correspondent in The Gateway recently. Do we take our debating too seriously? was the question put and answered by the gifted contributor who styled himself Junius Junior. That mighty name, that mighty man, that "stat nominis umbra" whom I knew as my noblest friend and wisest councillor, Junius, that unfortunate essayist, my beloved master. It is perhaps not generally known that he was a paralytic, even through his greatest literary activity, and that those immortal letters were all dictated—dictated to me before they reached the eager compositors of the London Public Advertiser.

Had that man come to earth again? No, surely, for I had seen him die a quiet death in far-off Hechnahool. Junius Junior! Could it be that his son is in attendance at this university? Eagerly I scanned the article for a possible clue, and what I found made me cry aloud for joy. There they were, familiar tricks of expression, characteristic touches of humor, a faintly petulant intolerance, all unmistakably reminiscent of his father's mighty pen. To confirm my hopes, I examined the registration files in the office, and found the name I sought—a first year student in Arts and Theology. I cannot tell his name. That would betray the illustrious father and work an unnecessary hardship on the son.

It is not given to many men to write with the power of the younger Junius. He is superb. His sentences are clear-cut and vivid, his metaphors striking and his punctuation positively flawless. His bashful touches of humor are well-chosen and executed, if not with the sureness of his father's pen, at least as well as could be expected in most youthful college writers. The analogy drawn between the soldier marching to war and the debater preparing to do battle is

strikingly original and very carefully elaborated. The use of the word bandolier is an exceptionally happy archaic touch. The second metaphor, likening the intelligence of the debaters' audience to deep pools of murky water touched into motion by the atmospheric disturbances emanating from the debater, is worthy of the older Junius himself.

But there is much that may be criticized as yet in his work. Because of my intimacy with his father I am taking liberties in criticism that could not be tolerated from anyone else.

It is not in the style, but in the subject matter that the younger Junius gives evidence of his youth. He has clearly been converted to the idea of the frivolous debate without much of either thought or argument.

And after all, that is only natural. The man who attacks the form of debating which depends for its strength on argument and not mere cleverness is hardly to be expected to listen to any arguments or depth of reasoning on this or any other matter.

Debating, my young friend, is like rugby—so I have been told. You may have a swift light team and you may have a slow ponderous team. But coaches painstakingly avoid both types; nothing is less interesting to the spectators than a game between two teams of either type or between one team of each type. What the rugby coach aims at in the building of his team is the obvious thing, which debaters also should remember, a happy blend of the two types: as far as possible the coaches strive for speed and agility and sureness, but as dreams are made of, even though their gridiron experiences are often rounded with a sleep. There must be strength, substance and weight. The ideal halfback has the swiftness and agility of the antelope—and about two hundred pounds of persuasive power.

That surely should be the ideal for our debaters. Remember that swiftness and neatness of stroke are always desirable, but never fundamental. Remember that verbal battles are actually won by the force and weight of argument.

The students of our university and the citizens of Edmonton have enough wisdom and sanity to appreciate the proper proportions of these ingredients; moreover, they have enough independence to refuse to hear twice an entirely humorous treatment of a subject for debate by a team of speakers who can not always achieve the wit and humor for which they strive.

Adieu, my dear young friend, and may I hear from you soon again. You have the spark of immortal genius in you, and therefore don't resent an old friend's well-meant counsel.

## MUSIC REPLACES SUNDAY ADDRESS

The service in Convocation Hall last Sunday marked a new departure in the policy of the Service Committee. It was musical in nature, the usual address being replaced by appropriate organ and vocal selections.

The organ prelude and the procession were followed by the singing of the well-known hymn, "O Worship the King." After the reading of the first lesson, Mr. George Conquest gave a much-appreciated rendition of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Then followed, in the usual order, the reading of the second lesson, prayers for the empire and the university, ending with the prayer of thanksgiving, repeated by the congregation.

After the offertory, the choir and congregation joined in the singing of several hymns, and in the intervals between these, Mr. Nichols rendered two organ solos. These were the "Reverie," by Edwin Lemare, and Handel's celebrated "Largo." A particularly pleasing feature of the singing of the hymns was the manner in which the congregation and the men's and women's voices in the choir sang alternate verses. The singing of "The Son of God Goes Forth to War" had a fine organ accompaniment.

Then followed the anthem, "The Heavens are Telling," by the choir, and another hymn, sung to the familiar tune "Sandon."

The singing throughout the service was very hearty, and great credit is due to Mr. Nichols and the choir for the splendid lead they gave.

It is the intention of the Service Committee to hold a musical service of this nature once a month, and a large attendance of students and friends is expected.

## A SOCIAL EVENT

(By A. Guest)

An exuberantly delightful birthday party was held in honor of Miss Dorothy Hartshorn in Pembina Hall last Saturday night.

Miss Hartshorn was beautifully attired in kimono and slippers. Most of the guests wore pyjamas.

The drawing room was decorated in black and orange. A witch on a broomstick greeted the guests at the door, and monstrous jack-o-lanterns grinned from the wall.

Miss Olive Jago and Miss Jessie Salmon borrowed stoves and cups. Miss Mary Schofield made the toast. Miss Winifred Gilhooly lit the candles, and Miss Hartshorn herself blew them out. Miss Eleanor Cornell cut the icing and also the cake.

The most delightful feature of the party was the presence of a member of the House Committee, who actually stayed for three minutes after twelve.

## DO YOUR DANCE SHOPPING EARLY!

(By R.M.)

With the Sophomore reception in the offing, the age-old question of dance-bookings comes once more to the force. The Gateway, with a genuine desire to solve this problem sent your correspondent (who must remain "incog") to investigate conditions in that world-famous institution, the University of Werzitz.

I was met at the depot by the mayor of the city and the president of the university. After the presentation of an address of welcome and the freedom of the city, the party made a tour to all the points of interest, including the local elevator, the stockyards, and ending at the beautiful university buildings. Then I went to seek the information for which I had come. I was led to a handsome furnished office, upon the door of which was emblazoned in large lettering:

FULLER P. EPP, B.T.A.  
DANCE AGENCY

I was introduced to the spruce young man inside, who proved to be no less a person than Mr. Epp himself. He tendered me a chair, a glass of iced water, and a stick of Spearmint gum, and then proceeded to talk with great gusto.

He was, he said, an expert dance agent. The letters B.T.A. represented the degree he had attained after four years concentrated effort, and at the expense of numerous pairs of shoes—Bachelor of Terpsichorean Art. It appeared that he had taken an Honors Charleston course, which had unfortunately led to an attack of St. Vitus dance in his third year. Turning to the object of my visit, he may be quoted as follows:

"A few years ago this institution was suffering from the same trouble as yours. Dance-bookings were a mere haphazard undertaking—more a question of chance than anything else. This has always been the case in times past. Look at the trouble resulting when Helen of Troy mistake-fully danced the third extra with Hector instead of Achilles at the Junior Prom! Look what happened to Desdemona when she ditched Othello in the moonlight waltz at the Undergrad of that year."

"It was to remedy that state of affairs that a few leaders of thought in this university put dance-bookings on a good, organized commercial basis. Today we have a business organization that is unsurpassed. A student's dances are now fixed up ten, fifteen and even twenty years ahead. The parents do it for 'em, and they co-operate in fine style. Here's the way we do it—," and he then showed me the larger office opening from his private sanctum. It was filled with stenographers and clerks. Large filing cases were on every hand.

"As soon as a child's parents figure they can send him or her to college," he proceeded, "they make arrangements through us for their child's social career. The name is at once entered in our index, and our experts proceed to pick a slate of dance partners for his or her entire college career. We work on a commission basis, and will accept only the best people, yet the business has grown so that we need an entire staff to handle the Smiths alone."

"Some parents do their booking very early. Here's a sample." He pointed to a paper a couple of days old. It was open at the Births, Marriages and Deaths Column. I read as follows:

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Moon  
a Son

"Long may he shine"

"Those people were real go-getters," he said. "Next day the father came to me and submitted the kid's name. He said to me, 'I'm going to give that boy the time I didn't get. Give him a real slate of partners, and don't worry about expense. About sixty per cent. blondes, if you don't mind.' That is a sample of the work we do. Students today don't bother about the problem of dance-bookings—it's done for them years ahead. Come and see our advertising manager."

He led me to another office, and I was introduced to another young man of the go-getter type, wearing a tweed suit and a pleasant smile. He was an honours graduate also, having taken the St. Louis Hop 68 course. He initiated me into the advertising end of the game. Large ads. were inserted daily in the papers such as:

"Do Your Dance Shopping Early and Avoid the Crush"

We offer to the discriminating parent today a splendid assortment of Blondes, Strawberry Blondes, and Brunettes.

SPECIAL TODAY

Junior Prom Bargains  
Eileen Heavie, blonde, 164 lbs.  
A snap at the price.

## A TEMPTER AT EMPRESS

"Prince of Tempters" with Ben Lyon in the title role, opens a three-day engagement at the Empress Theatre today.

If such an actor in such a role is not tempting to Varsity folk, what is? Ben has never before had a role demanding so much versatility, so much humor, so much fine blending of character tones as does this one.

Another of the very excellent players is the exotic Lya de Putti. Lyda de Putti was something of a sensation in "Variety," by which she was introduced to Canadian audiences. She comes from Germany, but her art belongs to the world.

It must be admitted that Ben Lyon as a tempter would be a prince of tempter, and the Empress with such a bill is itself most alluring.

Hi Stepper, a real super-sheik. Don't miss him.

Ima Necker, brunette. "Yes, sir, She's My Baby."

"That's a sample of our stuff," he said proudly. "It's not often we have any stock left on our hands. Of course, those three advertised there were pretty late applying to the agency. You see, the Prom's due in about six months, but we'll fix 'em up all right."

It was now time for me to bid adieu to my newly-made friends. Mr. Epp, B.T.A., gave me a real hearty send-off.

"Tell the folks back there about our system," were his parting words. "Remember, it's a real honest-to-gosh efficient, and we're not only paying big dividends, but we've eliminated the old dance-bookings worry altogether."

Thus, ladies and gentlemen, we offer to you the solution reached by the University of Werzitz, and now, as the poet says, "It's up to you."

JIM LETT'S TAXI SEDAN CARS  
10327 Jasper Avenue  
Day and Night Service. Reasonable Prices  
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In the Old Days  
"Pretty darned cold, isn't it? Just twenty below."  
"Oh, rats! The twenty below we get nowadays isn't anything compared to our ten below when I was young."

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FINAL REPORTS ON ALL SPORTS GAMES  
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STARTS TODAY

LYA DE PUTTI and BEN LYON

IN

## 'The Prince of Tempters'

REVEALING THE SECRETS OF ONE MAN'S POWER OVER MANY WOMEN  
IT'S GOT 1001 THRILLS—1001 LOVES

COMING  
MILTON SILLS

IN

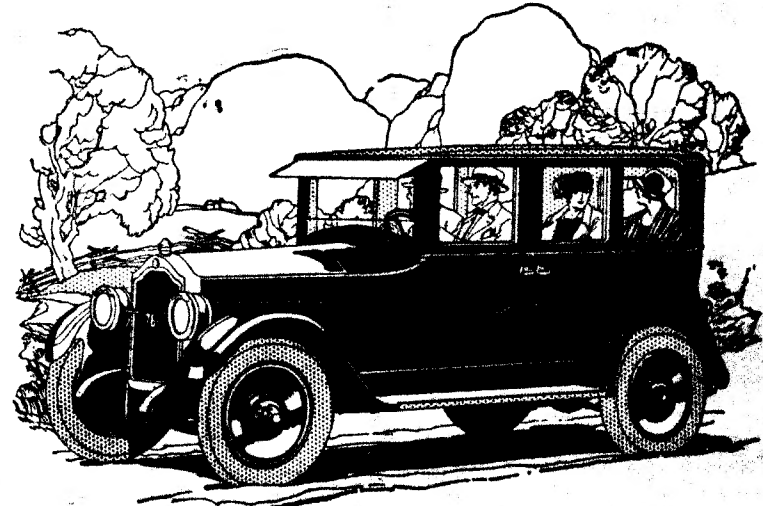
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## The Smart Tailory Ulster for Young Men

A decided change from the loose raglan effects. To bring out the broader shoulder and narrower body lines, individual custom tailoring is more essential in Overcoats than ever before. Young men are having their Overcoats made for them, and the new Pre-Try-On System has made it unnecessary to pay any more to have it tailored than for the ready-made.

\$32.50  
\$37.50  
\$42.50



—THEY'RE  
"LAFLECHE  
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102nd Street, Just South of Jasper



# T. P. R.

(Student Nurses News)  
No, Dora, T.P.R. doesn't mean "Treat Patients Roughly."

Keep in mind the Thé Dansant on Saturday, Nov. 6, from 4-6 p.m. Everybody come and help buy a Chesterfield.

Miss Ada Young left on Sunday for Calgary en route to California. She will be greatly missed in the hospital, and the best wishes of the entire school go with her.

## JONES & CROSS, Ltd.

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New Brunswick Phonograph  
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\$31.50**

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SEE THEM. JUDGE THEM.  
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"Just around the corner from the Service Drug"  
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The younger set will find that  
our courteous service and excel-  
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most popular rendezvous on  
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AFTER THIS SHOW OR  
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OPP. MACDONALD HOTEL  
ALL NEW CLOSED-IN SEDANS  
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STUDENTS!

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Drive Your-

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and Seven-

Passenger

## U. of A. Broadcasting Studio



"The Best in Music and Lectures" is the motto of the University Radio.

### RADIO BROADCASTING

The new radio broadcasting service given by the University of Alberta through its Department of Extension, has been in operation less than one month, but in that short time certain results have been evident.

The first and most important is the effect upon those who have been reached by the new service, and it must be said that this reaction has been eagerly awaited by those immediately responsible. To say the least,

### THE CAMBRIDGE DEBATE

The Cambridge Debate is still only a possibility, in spite of the efforts of the local Debating Society. Saskatchewan and British Columbia both favor the proposed tour, and are agreeable to the suggested terms. Manitoba, however, declines to participate, and definite word as to whether the tour is "on" or "off" is anxiously awaited from the east.

### NEARER

(Continued from page three)

property, and needing the Mounted Police to protect the city from ruin, as occurred in Winnipeg shortly after the war.

**This Equality**  
Why is this bitter class hatred? It is, on one score, the result of that unutterably fallacious doctrine which in its extreme form is stated thus: "All men are equal, and I am as good as you are." Have you never heard a man on an extra gang indict Sir Henry Thornton? How he could sit in an office all day and draw his pay—fiercely jealous statements that in themselves show an unconscious recognition of the fallacy of his own doctrine. Equality, equality, is the cry, and they propose to do it by communism. But communism is a levelling down, not a grading up. Drag them down, drag them down, is the hoarse cry. Labor, of course, has many divisions, and it is the more extreme types that want—literally—blood. It is on these that propaganda has the great effect. Conditions, it is true, is the fundamental mitigation of labor revolt, but it is propaganda that determines its course. In no case has labor in the mass the critical faculties of the educated mass, and this is good, for reasons we will consider. But for this reason exactitude must be the more carefully considered.

In Russia they have dragged them down. It is a difficult problem to handle, and one can see in that country what one wants to see. We were unfortunate in missing Dr. Nearing's lecture on Russia, it is true, but then he is not the ultimate authority on the question. Others, equally prominent in the labor cause, have seen a more ghastly side. It is a great experiment about which nothing can be said for twenty years at least, when the young generation of revolutionists will be in power. Free love, incidentally, with its state care of children is considered by some to be a logical solution to the marriage question. It most nearly approaches Plato's Republic. The system of education, I take it, does not.

### Educational Systems

Education in small amounts produces an increase in crime, according to statistics. It makes people unhappy, makes them realize the limitations of their position, without giving them a solution for it. And there must always be the workers. More education unfits them for their occupations, even if they had the leisure for it. The system of the States is perhaps not so bad. Those who will benefit, if any will, by the higher education, can get it. Nor are the promising ones of slender means left out. One reflects on the financial aids that are extended to them. Plato advocates a complete education only for the rulers, the philosophers; others to be educated according to their condition. It is the practical system.

Dr. Scott Nearing is not to be derogated because he presents only those facts which are concurrent with his ends. He has an aim, and less scrupulous men would do more. There is much more to be said, but space lacks and we must indicate regret at having, in the original article, presented views in a manner that seemed intolerant. Perhaps we are not really intellectual, here in the university, but one thing at least it tries to do for us. It leaves us not too near the earth—that inexpressible phrase—in a position where we can consider the question without considering the person.

—C. C.

the letters received commenting upon our efforts are couched in very flattering terms. One writer says: "We greatly appreciated your program of last evening. It was a great program and well worthy of the great institution from which it came." Another commends the university for providing "a welcome relief from the mass of jazz with which the air is filled." The manager of one of the largest industrial concerns in the province says that "when the people of Alberta realize the good things that are in store for them each Monday night, they will be sure to tune in on the Edmonton wave length."

### On Every Monday

And it is probably true that not all of those possessing radio sets are yet aware that the University of Alberta is "on the air" each Monday evening with a full program of lectures and music. It is equally true that good things are in store, for the possibilities are only just beginning to be realized, and good as the programs already given have been, the best is yet to come. The staff of the Department of Extension have been very gratified at the response to their requests for assistance in providing programs, and it is becoming increasingly evident that it is only by full co-operation and willing help that the best results can be obtained. The University is the logical medium for the dissemination of information on many and various subjects in the form of lectures, and in the musical field also much talent is available. We have a very fine organ in Convocation Hall, our own symphony orchestra, choir, glee club, and C.O.T.C. band.

### University Radio Orchestra

There has been organized a new orchestra, to be known as the University Radio Orchestra. Mrs. J. B. Carmichael has very kindly consented to lead the new orchestra, the personnel of which is as follows:

1st violins: Dr. H. M. Vango, John Lopushinsky, Gretta Simpson.  
2nd violins: Jack Cormack, Ted Cohen.

Viola: A. W. Pye.  
Cello: Bruce Webb.  
Flute: Hubert Norbury.  
Clarinet: Prof. C. A. Robb.  
Oboe: Dr. K. A. Clark.  
Cornet: Fred McDougall.  
Piano: R. R. Couper.

According to present arrangements one concert a month will be given from the studio in the Department of Extension, the first being planned for Nov. 22nd. Rehearsals will be held at the studio, and it is possible that other than radio engagements may be arranged later on. There is no doubt that with the high standard of music which will be broadcasted by the new orchestra, this further innovation will prove very popular with the radio public. Other plans are under way for making the best possible use of the new radio service from the university, and of further expansion as deemed advisable.

### INTER-YEAR PLAY TRY-OUTS

Every would-be actor or actress in the university will be given an opportunity to display his or her talent in the try-outs to be held this week and next for the casts of the four class plays to be presented on December 10 in Convocation Hall. Competition has seldom been so keen, and rumors of new and brilliant performers are to be heard every day.

A great many of the experienced stars of the Varsity stage firmament will undoubtedly be seen in action in the Senior and Junior plays. Dozens of other interested upperclass men and women have expressed their desire to try-out for parts. The Freshman play, and to a considerable extent the Sophomore play, will be presented by "new blood." The constellations in the Varsity histrionic zenith may be entirely changed after December 10.

### EDMONTON HAS NEW SURGICAL SUPPLY HOUSE

The only surgical and laboratory supply store in Alberta has been opened by S. T. Martin, B.V.Sc., at 10037 Jasper Avenue. The firm is backed by Alberta capital only, and is out to fill a real need in this part of the Dominion. The finest professional equipment for the physician, surgeon, or hospital or laboratory worker is carried by the store. As a result, the medicals and scientists are to be given a great deal of assistance by the new firm, Martin's Surgical Supply.

## AG-SCIS WIN FACULTY TITLE

Opening up a merciless line offensive in the second half which tore the powerful Pharmedent line to shreds, the Ag-Sci gridiron warriors outplunged and out-tackled their opponents to win the interfaculty championship on Friday afternoon at the Grid. Although the Medmen led by 7-0 at the half hour, the final score was 10-7 for the A-Scis.

The first score of the encounter came early in the game. Gus Runge, receiving a punt behind his own line, was laid low by Mutchmore, and dropped the ball. Cain was on it in a flash for a touch, which was not converted. After a few minutes of play, the Med-Pharm-Dent outfit forced their opposition to a safety-touch. Score, 7-0.

Starting off the second half like the Vikings of old, the gardener-guzzler tribe chopped their way right down the field from the kick-off, only to lose the ball on the Med 15-yard line. Although their line was always in danger, the tiring Meds kept the bars down until the end of the period.

Ripping into the enemy from the start of the last period, the Ag-Sci plungers, especially Runge and Melnyk, crashed through huge holes in the Med line for consistent gains. There was a hole every time it was required, and the speed of the plungers carried them well past the secondary defense before they were laid low. Runge grabbed the inevitable touch when he slipped around the left end in the gathering darkness. It was not converted.

There was something like four minutes to go, and it was becoming increasingly difficult to see the play. The Meds were unable to keep possession, and the mighty Ag-Sci machine got going again. Nichol, who had been tackling like a fiend all evening, began to feel his oats in proper style, and after a couple of preliminary dashes, sped around the end for the winning touch.

### DENTS PLAN FOR MED NITE

The Dent Club, in its first meeting of the year on Wednesday afternoon, transacted a great deal of business in a short time. H. R. McLean was appointed Gateway and Year-Book representative to replace Baden Powell, and W. E. Gemmill was elected first year representative. A committee composed of E. V. Springbett, Lyall Wyatt and Art Ahrens was chosen to see that the Dents participate actively in "Med Nite." A resolution unanimously passed the meeting that a letter be forwarded to those in authority asking that a drinking fountain and mirrors be installed in the basement of the Medical Building.

### MINING SOCIETY MEETS

Dr. O. J. Walker delivered an interesting talk to the members of the Mining and Geological Society on Friday last. This was the second meeting for the session of the society.

"The Chemist in Metallurgical Industries," was Dr. Walker's subject. Starting off as an analyst, the beginner in industry might enter either of two natural divisions in the business. The actual factory offered opportunities as foreman which would confine the chemist to actual operations in the plant. Research work is the other field.

"A man's advancement," concluded Dr. Walker, "depends on his knowledge of the business and also upon his ability to advertise his knowledge."

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### EXCHANGE CHANGES

Anna Wilson, after being identified with The Gateway since coming to university, in turn as assistant, circulation manager and exchange editor, leaves us to confine her energies to her other student activities—Waunetas and Council. It is the persons who serve through the years that have made possible the paper's progress. Anna's contribution to The Gateway has been long, unselfish service.

To assume the duties of an exchange editor, Winnifred Gilhooly, Arts junior, comes on the staff. Well-known as debater and actress, well-liked as student and co-ed, The Gateway is congratulating itself upon the appointment.

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Literary Supplement

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## Editorial

The Editors respectfully submit the second annual Literary Supplement of The Gateway. They regret that they are unable to publish, because of limited space, much material that is worthy of recognition.

Their conception of literary merit has been naturally their first principle in selection. Variety of material, however, has been a second important consideration.

They consider themselves privileged in publishing Miss Molly Grant's short story, "One Lone Pine," which won this year's Writers' Club prize, and Mr. Dillon Cornwall's poem, "The Actress," adjudged the best in the poetry competition. Mr. Oke's play, "The Next Year Country," has been already produced before the Dramatic Society, but it has remained unknown to most University readers. Mr. Harris' essay on archaeological research should be of interest to many other than classicists. Mr. Edmonds' poem, "A Tragedy," and an anonymous poem "The Siege," aroused much favourable comment in the Writers' Club competition. Miss Carman Dixon Craig's fascination for out-of-the-way themes has led her to translate the music of one of Chopin's familiar Sonatas into a delightful love story. A short story treatment of medieval romance is to be found in Mr. Cornwall's "Don Juan," and the anonymous "To All the World—A Man" is fairly typical of the popular magazine story.

At all events, here it is—awaiting your criticism and comment.



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# Literary Supplement

Published by The Gateway, University of Alberta

Editors: Rache Dickson, Kenneth MacKenzie.

Associates: Dillon Cornwall, Joseph Harris.

## ONE LONE PINE

Annie Shaski was sixteen and unmarried. She had already had suitors, but she did not wish to marry. Soon, however, her father would choose a man for her. Annie would make a good wife. She was strong, and could work well. Besides, she had lived with the Canadian teacher in the little shack and she had learned to cook as the Canadians do. She had been to school, and could read the language of the Canadians. Oh yes, she would make a good wife, and it was time for her to marry. So her father said, and her father was right. All girls must marry. Even her beloved teacher would marry the doctor man who came and took her to town in the car. Of course the teacher was older, but that did not matter. She could not work any better. Besides, nobody wanted to marry a Russian girl when she was old.

She wondered why she was so different from Canadian girls. Once she went to town when her teacher went. The girls there were like the teacher. They talked much and laughed with the young men. They did not work hard. They had soft white hands and they wore beautiful clothes. Annie had a new red silk dress. It seemed very fine, but she wished it had been blue. Her teacher told her that she should wear blue to match her eyes. She wondered why.

On the way home they had stopped at Bill Mokri's to get water for the car. Bill was drunk. He was very angry because the doctor man wouldn't have a drink of the moonshine. Afterwards she asked the teacher why her doctor would not drink the moonshine. She was surprised when the teacher said that it was poison. She wondered why Bill did not die. She thought how queer he would look if he were dead—he was so very fat and he liked himself so well. He would not like to think that his moonshine was poison.

Bill Mokri had looked well at Annie. She was good to look at, and strong. Bill was thirty and tired of batching. Today he had quarrelled with his hired man and sent him away. With Annie to help, he would not need a hired man. He had thought of her before, but he had not thought her old enough. Now, he knew she would do. He hoped she was not spoiled by living with that lazy teacher. But he would soon break her of laziness. He was not afraid. Bill took another drink of moonshine, and wiped his moustache with the back of his hand. He would go to see old Shaski.

Bill stood in the yard and watched Annie milk the cows. He noted the strong muscles of her arms and smiled. Later, he watched her separating the milk and he was even better pleased. When she went out with two heavy pails, to feed the

calves, he turned to John Shaski and spoke in English—"How much?"

The evening was spent in bargaining. Bill Mokri had money. He would build a big house for Annie, and he would give her father a team of horses. After a while, when their sons were big enough to help, Annie would not have to work so hard in the fields.

The bargain was made. The wedding would take place in the fall, after harvest. Annie had gone to bed before the arrangements were completed, but she was not asleep. Through the chinks in the log partition, she heard their voices, and she knew that Bill Mokri had come to ask for her. She knew, too, that he would succeed, for he was the richest man in the country and could pay well.

Annie did not sleep that night. She was sorry to leave her home, but more sorry to leave the school, where she learned the Canadian ways, and played the games with the other children. She did not think of complaining. That would be foolish. Her father would only beat her. Besides, she was a big girl, much too big to go to school. It was time for her to marry.

Just before daybreak she arose and dressed silently. She left the house without disturbing anyone, and ran down a wooded slope towards the lake. Standing on the shore, she gazed eastward across the water. The sun was rising. She watched the pale yellow streak grow broader, redder, brighter. Soon the whole sky seemed a blaze of color, and against the blaze stood one lone tree, straight and tall and dark.

Something strange and painful was clutching at her lonely little Russian heart. The waves came lapping on the shore. She heard the swish-swish of the water about the rocks. Above her head the leaves, rustling, seemed to say, "Annie, Annie Shaski, you are no longer a little girl. You are promised to Bill Mokri. After the harvest you will be married. Then you will be an old woman. You will have to wear the ugly Russian head-dress. You will work in the fields. Perhaps your husband will beat you. Old woman! Old woman!"

The waves took up the cry. A wild duck rose from the water and shrieked aloud, "Old woman!"

She looked again at the tree. It seemed to stretch its arms to her. "It is very kind," she said, as she turned away.

The sun was shining down upon the water, and all the little waves were sparkling with light, when Annie went to bring the cows from the pasture.

"I did not hear you go out," said her mother.

"No, the cows had strayed far. I was gone a long time."

Annie did not go to school any more. She helped with the haying, but her heart was not in her work.



She was thinking of the fall, and she was afraid. She knew that soon they would begin to build a new house on Bill Mokri's farm, and then her fate would fall upon her.

The harvest came, with waving golden fields. The sun shone, heartlessly, hopelessly. She wished the rain would come to delay the harvest, or that the snow would fall early and prevent the threshing, but it all went on, and Bill Mokri sang as he worked. The young people were glad because there would be a wedding, where everything was free and the girls wore new dresses, and the men had new colored handkerchiefs for their necks.

In October, after the harvest, Annie Shaski was married. It was a great wedding. The feasting lasted for six days. On the fourth day, the party escorted the bride and groom to their new home.

For two more days, they drank and ate and danced, sleeping between times on benches or on the floor beneath the table. At the end of the sixth day, the visitors departed and Annie was left alone in her new home, with her new husband, who was very drunk, and very ill-natured. She looked with disgust at the remnants of the feast, but she did not weep. That would be useless. It would only anger her husband.

The long cold winter passed slowly. Annie was glad that she had so much work to do. She did not mind when Bill sat by the fire while she fed and watered the stock. It was better so, for when he helped, he swore at her, and sometimes hit her, if she stopped to rest when pulling the heavy bucket from the well.

Once, when the rope was frozen, she let it slip through her fingers. She went to the house to tell him. He sat by the stove with his pipe. A large jug of moonshine stood on the table.

"The rope was frozen," she said, "my hands were very cold. I let it slip into the well." She knew that he was going to strike her, but she scarcely felt the blow. The room turned suddenly black before her.

When she became conscious once more, she was lying on the floor. Her head hurt. She felt very sick. She crawled to her bunk, and lay there all day. Once she sobbed a little, but her husband told her to stop, and she did. At five o'clock he went away to a big dance. She was glad. He would not be home tonight.

In the evening, Annie stole out to see the sunset. She loved the sunset. Gazing westward, she saw a hill against the sky, and, on its summit, a lone pine. Tall and strong and straight it stood, as on that morning so long ago, when she had watched it at sunrise. She was a little girl then. Now, it seemed, she was an old woman; but now, as then, the tree stretched out its arms to her, and it brought her peace.

Spring came, and with it much work. Annie was not well, but she was happy, for soon she was to have a child. It would be a man child, and he would go to the Canadian school, and be like Canadian children, and he would grow up big and be a doctor, like the man who came to see the teacher in the shack.

What if it should be a girl child? But no, it must not be a girl. If it should be, she must kill it, for girls grow to be women, and women must suffer. She would not let it grow to be a woman.

Annie looked often at the pine tree these days, and always it brought her happiness.

One night, when Annie turned the cows out of the yard, she did not fasten the gate well. The work horses were in the yard. In the morning, they were gone. Bill swore at her, and told her to find them.

It had rained in the night, the grass was very wet and very cold. All day, she searched for the horses. She was tired and cold, and so ill that she could not think. She could only plod on, and sometimes, when she came out of the brush, she could see the tree. Then she would smile and go on, with lighter step.

In her wandering, she drew nearer the tree, and at last she stood beside it. Looking up at the great height, she whispered: "Straight and tall and kind, always doing good like a doctor—yes, it will be a man child."

Across the lake she could see her father's house. She would go there. She dared not go home without the horses. But when, with tears, she told her father, he said, "No, you are Bill Mokri's. You must go to him. Your child must be born in his house, not in mine."

So, sick and dizzy, she began her tramp again, not by the road, but along the lake shore. She would not go home. Her child must not be born in Bill Mokri's house. She must reach the tree, the big pine that would shelter her from the wind, and would shelter her baby, until someone found it.

Half an hour later a woman knelt by the great pine tree on the hill. The sun was stretching long arms across the lake, and fell upon her upturned face. The water lapped along the shore, the wind had died, and only a gentle breeze rippled the many-colored surface of the lake.

"Oh, God," she prayed, "let it be a man child, and dear God, don't give him to Bill Mokri." Her voice was suddenly raised. "May his soul never rest until Bill Mokri is dead, and my father, and my mother, and may their souls burn in hell for ever and ever and——"

The sun was all but set when Dr. Paul drove down the rocky trail that led to the lake shore. It was an old trail and dangerous, but it was a shortcut, and Dr. Paul had no time to lose. Perhaps ten people, perhaps twenty, were waiting to see him in his office. It was growing late, and Dr. Paul had no supper. As he climbed the hill on the other side of the lake, he noted a dark object over against the big pine tree. He halted the car at the top of the hill, and went to examine the heap. He found a woman, dead, and by her side a new-born baby. The baby was a boy.

MOLLY GRANT.

### THE ACTRESS

The room was dim and quiet; over all  
The faces there,  
Fraught with despair,



The spirit of death hovered as a pall.  
 Whisperings winnowed to and fro, and then  
 A smothered sob of pain.  
 Silence, and the beating of spring rain  
 Upon the window. The voices rose again.  
 "None such since Bernhardt . . ."  
 "And when she's in her prime . . ."  
 "She's sixty-three . . ."  
 "No!"

"Hush!"  
 "She was sublime  
 In Juliet . . ." "What do the doctors say?  
 Yes . . .? Oh, what a pity! One more day  
 Would pull her through?"  
 "Well, no one can outrun time."

The quiet head upon the pillows turned;  
 The grey eyes opened, eyes that faint discerned  
 The whispering figures. That shadow by the door  
 Must be the bishop; he was here before . . .  
 Yesterday . . . when was it? . . . and smoothed her  
 brow,

And said that she was dying; twelve hours left  
 To think on God. Surely they wouldn't lie,  
 Not now . . . no . . . not now,  
 Not to her about to die . . .

She felt the nurse's fingers, cool and deft,  
 Taking her pulse. The hiss of whispers flew  
 Across the room. She knew

The silly sort of talk;  
 Her voice, her gestures, air, her lovely walk,  
 Her Juliet, yes, of course . . . her Portia, too,  
 A second Sarah . . .

The faint suggestion of a tired smile  
 Flitted across her face. A little while  
 She lay and dreamed. How many aeons since  
 The old stock days, Bohemian, hungry days  
 Of love and sorrow, filled with the rainbow tints  
 Of Life. As through a haze  
 Old memories and emotions thronged her mind.  
 Rôles: a Pierrette and slut of the street,  
 Infanta in brocade and then a blind  
 Old beggar-woman, halting on crippled feet.  
 And no one knew the strain,  
 The toil, the long, dull pain;  
 The struggle on, through Barrie, Ibsen, Shaw;  
 The lonely hours of work until she saw  
 A world of sorrow in a single line  
 Of Shakespeare . . .

#### Nine

Long years of training made her Juliet.  
 Yes, it was good . . . and yet  
 What did it mean, beneath the tinselled show?  
 A painted woman on a painted stage,  
 Miming and mouthing for a paltry wage.  
 Why was her name on all tongues, high and low?  
 What could these people know  
 Of the great Rôle; what of the surge and glow  
 Of youth, of glorious drunkenness in love,  
 And the laughter of a pagan Pan?  
 Is there, among life's lookers-on, a man  
 To love a stranger's friendly hail above  
 The pomp and circumstance of social rank?  
 If so, she loved him—let him play the Rôle,  
 The great Rôle, till his soul  
 Was satisfied . . .

But she was tired now . . .  
 So tired . . . and the eyelids slowly sank.  
 The final curtain trembled for the fall  
 Like a glancing beam of sunlight on the wall  
 A smile lighted and departed. How  
 Sweet can be deep quiet sleep,  
 How sweet!

J. D. CORNWALL.

### ROMANCE, REVELATION AND REASSURANCE

By J. E. Harris

Our age has seen the humble spade encircled with the halo of romance. This prosaic implement it was that fulfilled the youthful dreams of Schliemann, vindicated his theory of the historicity of Homer's Troy, and rewarded his archaeological labours with the actual discovery of the ancient city so long believed to be a fiction of ancient myth. The fascinating story of Schliemann and his work is but one of the better known instances of the interest and romance that is associated with the modern discoveries made with the spade of the archaeologist. Another chapter in the story of modern archaeology that is just as entrancing is perhaps less well known. It is the story of the archaeological romance that lies behind the modern translations of the New Testament. The facts have been available for the student for some years, but are only now beginning to be popularly known. Cobern's "The New Archaeological Discoveries" presents a delightful popular treatment of the subject to which I am indebted for much of my material.

As early as 1863 it was recognized by Bishop Lightfoot that light might be thrown upon the New Testament if only the letters written by ordinary people of the first century were available for the scholar. But not until 1897 was this made possible. In that year, two young scholars, B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt, went to Egypt and unearthed at Oxyrhynchus thousands of papyrus documents of the first century. For the first time scholars were actually able to see and study autograph letters of the people of that era in which the foundations of Christianity were being laid. Letters and documents upon every conceivable subject were found, shedding a flood of light upon the life of New Testament times and making the people of that day "as real to us as our associates and friends of today."

A very happy find was made by Grenfell and Hunt during the course of their excavations on the site of ancient Tebtunis in the season 1899-1900. The prized papyri they hoped to find did not at first appear. Then came the seemingly useless discovery of mummified crocodiles. At last one of the workmen was so disgusted at finding another crocodile that he angrily hurled it upon a rock. The jar broke the mummy and revealed that it was stuffed with papyrus! Others were then examined and many found stuffed with papyrus fragments of ancient classics, accounts, contracts, letters, and other writings of immense value for what they revealed of life 1900 years ago.



Adolf Diessmann became the great authority upon these documents from the standpoint of New Testament scholarship. The result of his work was the establishing of the fact that the Greek of the New Testament was first century vernacular Greek. Perplexing differences between the Greek of the New Testament and that of secular writings of classical and post-classical times were now resolved. Until these discoveries were made, it had been urged that Hebrew influence together with the distinctively sacred nature of the writings had produced a Greek style peculiar to the New Testament, "the language of the Holy Ghost." Now it appeared that the language of the Holy Ghost was the language of the common people of that era! All of which is beautifully consistent with the genius of Christianity. The Man of Galilee spoke "not as the Scribes", and was gladly heard by the common people. But He had said there were "many things" He must leave unsaid to be unfolded when "the Spirit of Truth" should come. That the sacred writings embodying these supplementary teachings should be in the Koine, or common tongue, rather than in the style of the men of letters accords perfectly with the spirit of that faith in which "the wayfaring men, though fools, should not err."

A few examples will disclose the delightfully human interest attaching to many of these papyrus scraps. Customs and conditions of society are revealed that so closely parallel modern times as to give one a strange thrill. Here is a dinner invitation of surprisingly modern tone:

"Chaeremon requests your company at dinner

At the table of the Lord Serapis in the Serapeum  
Tomorrow, the fifteenth, at nine-o'clock."

Our retailers' associations and produce pools have been anticipated it would seem in the co-operative arrangement leading an egg-seller of 32-27 A.D. to bind himself "not to sell eggs privately at a discount, but only in the public market at the fixed price." Some modern landlords will readily sympathize with Didyme, an Oxyrhynchus lady of the second century, to whom was written this note:

"Do not lose heart about the rent, for you will certainly get it."

The servant-girl problem, too, is of long standing, if we may judge by the testimony of the ancient contract in which an Alexandrian waitress insists upon her regular "day off". Two articles of apprenticeship, one to a weaver, the other to a shorthand writer, carefully stipulating the terms binding each of the parties, belong to the second century and illuminate artizan life at a time when "the religion of the Carpenter" was bidding successfully for the faith and devotion of the work-a-day world of that era. The rich capitalist too appears, apparently not lacking in legal advice, if we may judge by one will in which a large inheritance is left to the heirs, free from the usual 5 per cent. income tax as a result of a legal trick.

Boyhood spirits were as irrepressible then as now. In 66 A.D. a father, a weaver by trade, binds his son in apprenticeship to another weaver with the stipulation that if the lad plays truant he must make up the time and the father shall pay a forfeit.

Schoolboy note books and examination papers make interesting reading. One boy has scribbled at the end of his exercise,

"Good luck to the writer and to the reader."

A rather delightful spirit of comradeship between father and son must have prevailed in the case of a lad, Theon by name, who writes to his father who was upon a trip to Alexandria. The boy seems to have had a hope of being taken along, and in a letter of somewhat original grammar and spelling printed out child-fashion, he takes his father to task in this playful manner:

"It was a fine thing of you not to take me along with you to the city. If you won't take me with you to Alexandria (next time) I won't write you a letter or speak to you or say good-bye to you."

Of course, this may be impertinence rather than chumminess, but the kindlier interpretation is also the more probable.

In such documents as these, a style of Greek that parallels the writings of the New Testament has been discovered for the first time. But if from the outset Christianity has spoken the tongue of the people, it must not be overlooked that on the one hand this common Greek was peculiarly suited to the needs of Christianity, and on the other hand that in Christian writings the Koine is purged of vulgarities and raised to the level of literature. Dr. Cobern says that in style and vocabulary New Testament Greek compares with the papyri somewhat as "the modern magazine of the better class compares in style and vocabulary with the spoken language." The sacred writings thus escaped the artificiality and affectation connected with first century literary style and found in the Koine "a beautiful simplicity of expression," sometimes even rising to sublimity. And in the process the common language of the day was, by "the charm and spiritual elevation" of the New Testament, "glorified and spiritualized," and so elevated to the rank of literature.

It is this discovery that the New Testament in the original was written in the language of the people that has produced the modern translations by such scholars as Moffatt, Weymouth, and Goodspeed. The noble but rather archaic English of the King James version and the Revised version is not the English of common usage today, and, therefore, does not adequately translate for us writings that were originally in the common speech of the people. The translations into modern English seek to make the New Testament writings to us what they were to the people of the first century,—messages in the living language of the people. For these modern translations wholly to replace the older version would be unfortunate, but they are needed to revivify the message we have read for so long in the familiar words of the King James translators, and to reproduce as far as is possible the Koine effect of the originals.

A most valuable result of the papyri finds consists in the new light thereby thrown upon some New Testament words. Recall St. Paul's account of the privileges and ambitions of his earlier life which he had renounced as "loss" for Christ (Phil. 3:8).



The force of that word "loss" (*zemia*), is intensified when it is learned that the same word is used in the papyri "for the bones thrown out on the street to the dogs." Or take the instructions to the apostles to take "no bread, no wallet, no money." This wallet, according to Deissmann, was not a kit-bag, as formerly supposed, but an alms-bag "such as peripatetic teachers were accustomed to carry at that time." The implication is that the disciples should go forth "as laymen" rather than in "special ministerial garb or making any special claim of mendicant piety, but nevertheless dependent for their living upon those who 'receive' the word." (Coburn.)

The title "Lord" (*Kurios*) applied to Jesus assumes a deeper meaning in view of the fact, amply attested by the papyri, that it was the title of deity given in that first century to the Emperors. Seemingly, St. Paul chose this adjective with particular reference to its use in connection with the deified emperors. It was this implied claim of deity in the word that made Polycarp choose death rather than say "Lord Caesar". For him the issue was a divine Christ, or a divine Caesar!

Other interesting words in view of the papyrus usages are those words in the New Testament that are paralleled in papyrus references to the mystery religions. Chief among these words is the word "mystery" itself (*mysterion*). It was a current religious vocabulary that St. Paul was using, and in so doing he evidenced his good sense in perceiving and using a point of contact with the Greeks. But resemblances between Christian phraseology and that of the mysteries should not cause us to overlook the immeasurable distances between them. The current religious terminology was used to teach a new doctrine. For Paul, "salvation and immortality is not reached by magic or ritual or deification," as in the mysteries, but "by regeneration of the spirit and unity, not with a mythical personage, but with the living Christ." As in the manner, so too in the results of this "new birth" there is a great gulf between the mystics and the Christians. For the latter it was to eventuate in a transformation of character and a purity of life "utterly unknown, so far as the evidence shows to initiates of any other religion."

One very satisfying result of the new discoveries is the manner in which they have confirmed the age and essential integrity of the New Testament text. There is no need to be staggered by the fact that there are no New Testament manuscripts extant of earlier date than the third century. In the first place, no other body of ancient literature has such a wealth of textual material as the New Testament. Where manuscripts of Vergil are numbered by the hundreds, those of the New Testament run into the thousands, offering a field of study wide enough to make possible a high degree of certainty as to the contents of the autographs. Then too the time between the era of the New Testament writers and the earliest manuscripts we possess is short compared with the thirteen centuries between Plato's day and the earliest manuscript of his work extant. In the case of Sophocles' writings, we have to depend largely upon one manuscript transcribed

fourteen centuries later than the poet's time. All this, of course, was reassuring for the New Testament text before the papyrus finds. But with that discovery the dependability of the great uncial manuscripts from which our text is collated was strikingly confirmed. Certain peculiarities of spelling and idiom in these MSS of the fourth century and later that had been perplexing before were now found to be paralleled in the papyri and therefore to belong to that era in language development. That these forms peculiar to the first and second centuries should have been retained in manuscripts of several centuries later is a striking indication of the care with which these later transcripts conform to and are based upon manuscripts going back to the era in which the autographs were written. The papyri have confirmed the integrity of the great manuscripts behind our New Testament to such an extent that such a scholar as Dr. Milligan ventures to say, "We may take it that in all substantial particulars the words of the autographs have been recovered."

### CHOPIN'S SONATA, Op. 35

Long ago in the days of the Civil War an old house stood by a Roman road in England. It was a simple house of grey stone with narrow, small-paned windows peeping out on the garden and the road. Through them, as they stood open and friendly, the fragrance of the garden flowers entered with the sunlight and the curious breeze and filled all the big, bare rooms.

Now the battles were being fought in the country to the north. One day with a jingle of spurs a troop of Cavalier horsemen thundered down the Roman road. Their scabbards clanked at their sides and their horses' hooves struck sparks from the hard road as they swept up to the house and passed on into the distance. But they left one of their number behind, for a rash boy, eager for his first battle, arrogant in his first taste of manhood, had been wounded in a secret duel early in the morning. He had concealed his wound from his fellows until, as they approached the house by the Roman road, he was overcome by faintness so that he fell at the gate in the garden wall and lay still.

Now there lived in this house a beautiful maiden, famed for her kindness and charity. With her lived an old man, her father, much enfeebled by a weight of years. It happened that as the troop passed by, the maiden stood at an upper window to watch them. She saw the boy fall, and sent two serving-women, sturdy peasants, out to him. They carried him up the path, between the hedges of pink roses, into the house. Through the dim hall they carried him, and the colours of the great stained-glass window flickered rich blue and red upon his pale face as they passed. They bound up his wound, and because it was no slight one, they laid him upon the bed in the guest-chamber.

The boy lay without movement, with hardly a breath. His face was bluish white and his long lashes curled on his cheeks like a child's. Night came, and the moonlight stole in at the window,



light fairy-things danced on the paths below and the fragrance of the dew-wet flowers was in the breeze that stirred the curls on the boy's white forehead. Then came the sunrise and the morning songs of the robins and thrushes. Bees hummed in the larkspur and the warm air came in at the window laden with the perfume of roses and mignonette and stocks. Stillness wrapped the house by the Roman road. And in the guest-chamber, where the same stillness reigned, broken only by the soft rustle of a silken gown, life was slipping away from the boy-cavalier.

Days passed by and still the war raged in the north. Almost every day troops of soldiers passed the house by the Roman road. They left the big cool rooms and the quaint garden doubly quiet and peaceful after the thunder of their horses' hooves. Then one day the boy died. His friends came with sorrow to carry him away. They bore him away sadly and slowly, and left the garden and the house by the road quiet and peaceful as before, but mournful now. For the maiden wept that never again would he ride to battle or flourish his flashing sword.

And still the war raged in the north, and still the Cavalier soldiers passed the house by the Roman road at a canter, and left it doubly quiet and peaceful when they were gone.

CARMAN DIXON CRAIG.

### THE SIEGE

So in October when the birds had gone away  
And bitter-hearted winter came frigidly and gray,  
I turned me from the careless road, where life goes  
up and down,  
And sought the company of men, austere in sombre  
gown.

The sun in the southern sky was just a golden glow,  
The cold wind came swaggering across the fields  
of snow;  
The trees stretched their frozen arms for pity to  
the sky  
And all the creatures of the sun crept away to die.

In the red-bricked buildings fortified by Man,  
Around the bastions of which the winds in fury ran,  
I took my place and waited, longing for the day  
When the strong hosts of summer should drive the  
frost away.

Against the stout-walled fortress the Winter hurl'd  
in vain  
Its fusillades of wind and snow that shook the win-  
dow pane,  
And now and then the pallid men would lift a  
weary eye,  
Longing for the summer sun that ruled a southern  
sky.

So while the tyrant Winter held his sullen sway,  
The black-gowned philosophers whiled away the  
day  
With solemn words discoursing to the 'leaguered  
throng

Who listened, while the minutes moved mechanic-  
ally along.

The pale-faced garrison, as days went slowly by,  
Learned to play with books and words and never  
blink an eye,  
Juggling with illusive thoughts and with an air  
sublime  
Taking rabbits from the hat of unsuspecting Time.

Now as the last forays of Winter sweep the land  
And golden-browed Apollo takes his arrows in his  
hand  
And drives his shafts of sunshine into Winter's icy  
heart,  
I weary of philosophers and philosophic art.

O, I once more would seek the road where life goes  
laughing by  
And I would lie beneath the trees and hear the  
summer sigh—  
Weary of the sight of books, and men in dingy  
gowns,  
And tired of red-bricked buildings and the ram-  
parts of the towns.

—C.

### THE NEXT YEAR COUNTRY

#### A Play in One Act

#### Dramatis Personae

John Miller—A prairie farmer. He is middle aged  
and is shaved clean. Mr. Miller wears denim  
overalls, heavy shoes and cotton shirt with col-  
lar buttoned.

Molly Miller—His wife. She is small and worn-  
looking, but is neatly dressed and gives one the  
impression of being quietly capable.

Mabel Miller—Their daughter. We'll say twenty.  
Bob Stevens—A neighbour. He is dressed simi-  
larly to Mr. Miller, and a bright scarf, worn  
cowboy fashion about the neck, completes his  
costume.

Scene—An Alberta prairie farm home—the liv-  
ing room. Calendars hang upon the walls, and  
framed pictures of grandfather and grandmother  
occupy positions of prominence.

A door at back leads outside, a door at left  
leads into the kitchen, and one at right opens upon  
a hall and stairway.

There is a window at back (right of door).

Between door and window a row of hooks  
holds various hats and other clothing.

A home-made cupboard is at the other side of  
the door.

A dining table covered with supper dishes  
stands at centre, up stage.

A sofa and the usual complement of chairs  
complete the furniture of the room.

The glow of the western sun falls upon the win-  
dow, and the room is fairly well lighted. Gradually  
it becomes duskier until the lamp is lit later.

Time—About 9 p.m. of a mid-July day—the  
present.



The curtain rises, discovering Mr. Miller seated at the table. His plate is pushed forward and his head is on his arm.

Enter from kitchen Mrs. Miller. She goes over somewhat timidly and touches her husband on the shoulder while speaking to him.

Mrs. M.—More tea, John?

Mr. M.—(Raising his head with a start.) Oh! No thanks, Molly.

Mrs. M.—Don't you feel good, then?

Mr. M.—Yes, Molly. I s'ppose I'm all right.

Mrs. M.—Well, you don't look it. What's the matter, dear?

Mr. M.—A little down in the mouth, I guess. But it won't last forever.

Mrs. M.—How's that?

Mr. M.—You know what that trip to town is like on these hot dusty days? It's enough to take the starch out of anybody. And then it's gettin' so dry.

Mrs. M.—Getting bad, is it?

Mr. M.—It's gettin' pretty baked. I didn't think it was like this. The nearer I got to town the worse it seems to be. All the farmers had nothin' else to talk about.

Mrs. M.—I didn't think it was that bad.

Mr. M.—I didn't cal'late it was either before this mornin'. But down here in the coulee you can't tell much about it. The hot winds of the last couple of days have been scorchin' things up bad.

Mrs. M.—You can see it, eh?

Mr. M.—Some fields are turnin' yellow already.

Mrs. M.—How's ours?

Mr. M.—Ours is still holdin' up good, but this weather is forcin' it far too fast and we got to get rain right away.

Mrs. M.—We may get it.

Mr. M.—No, this dry spell isn't over yet, if you ask me.

Mrs. M. (with the air of one who has experienced this before)—Oh, well! But it seems too bad. After such a good start to go now. (Piteously) John, how can we afford to lose another crop?

Mr. M.—We can't. But if it comes to that, we'll manage—somehow. But I wish it'd rain.

Mrs. M. (resignedly)—Oh, well, we can't make it rain.

Mr. M.—No. What we need is ways to make it go farther.

Mrs. M.—Yes.

The outside door swings open and Mabel enters.

Mable—Hello! Back, eh, Dad?

Mr. M.—Yes, back again. And where have you been?

Mable—Oh, over to my park for awhile. It certainly was nice there too, after such a hot day.

Mr. M.—You're an odd girl—what do you see in that clump of scrub anyway?

Mrs. M.—She's been down there ever since we finished the supper dishes.

Mr. M.—Have you!

Mable—That's my park. I like to go and sit under that big Russian poplar and read. I just came in now because there was a kind of mist coming up from the water, there close.

Mr. M.—Well, Mable, I'm glad you like it.

Mrs. M.—Poor youngster. You get good and lonesome without trees, and those few over on the other side of the coulee look pretty good to you, don't they?

Mable—Yes! Oh, I look out of the school window and see miles and miles of brown prairie—it burns into the head—not a tree any place. Those few over there (with a motion of the arm) seem like a fairy forest.

Mable leaves left as she is speaking.

Mrs. M.—The crop's gone then, John?

Mr. M.—No. Not gone yet by quite a bit, but the heat's beginnin' to get it. An' I sure hoped it would come along this year after it bein' so good in the early part of the season, and 'specially with that girl out now, and not likin' things appearantly as it is.

Mrs. M.—No, she doesn't seem to like things very good.

Mr. M.—Did she ever tell you, Molly, just what she does think of it all?

Mrs. M.—Not in so many words, but it's not hard to see that she can't get used to things properly. Remember it's a big change from the city all her life and give her time.

Mr. M.—Oh, I s'ppose, but I lose patience sometimes with these people from the city that can't think of anythin' but piles of bricks and paved streets, because they've lived in the city.

Mrs. M.—That's the way you think about it, but I know the way Mable feels. I came out here fresh from the city.

Mrs. M.—Yes, I know, Molly. You've been a brick too. Stayed right with me for—eight years now. And I know you've been sick of it sometimes.

Mrs. M.—Oh, there's been things evened it up pretty well. And I think Mable will get to see there's things worth working for out here yet.

Mr. M.—I still have hopes for her.

Mrs. M.—She's thinking of us all the time and can't see that we're getting along very well. That's why she talks about moving back. But she's the right stuff.

Mr. M.—Yes, she has it in her, and I believe Molly, she would get to love the broodin' spirit of the prairie if she stayed out for awhile. Apparently she is takin' right hold of that school. She doesn't complain about it, and she doesn't waste any pity on herself, but all the time she seems to be tryin' to get me to move east.

Mrs. M.—Well, she doesn't see things like you do here. It looks pretty rough to her at first. She remembers all the good things back East and—(wistfully)—sometimes I wonder a little bit, too.

Mr. M.—But I don't think we want to leave it. We won't run away like so many of them are doin', because we have setbacks. We know this country will prove itself all right yet, when people get to understand it a little better. We'll stick, eh, Molly?

Mrs. Miller gathers up the dishes and leaves right for kitchen.

Mr. Miller is just taking a drink from a glass of water on the table, when his daughter enters from left.



Mable—I forgot to ask when I came in, but was there any mail for me, Dad?

Mr. M.—No, not for you, girl. Our papers and Bob Stevens' mail. He'll be over tonight for his, likely.

Mable—Will he? He's funny, isn't he, Dad? So different.

Mr. M.—Yes, he seems different to you, I s'ppose; you haven't seen many like him. But, Mable, we think a lot of Bob. He's been a real neighbour to us for eight years.

Mable—It seems rather too bad for a young man to be out here for so long.

Mr. M.—Why? This is the young man's country. It's new, it's the country of the future.

Mable—Yes, perhaps that's true, but I think I'd rather come out in the future when things are a little more civilized and you have a chance to get along.

Mr. M.—But don't you see that the pioneer's life is somethin' more than just gettin' along, he's buildin' your civilization, doesn't that appeal to you, Girl?

Mable—Yes, it does sound rather fine, but this pioneer's life, from what I've seen of it, seems like a long plug without getting anywhere. It's almost sordid.

Mr. M.—Sordid! Of course it's sordid. Life's sordid enough any place sometimes, I guess. But this is gloriously sordid, if you understand what I mean.

Mable—Well, I never did think of it just that way. Gloriously sordid! Dad, you didn't coin that on the spur of the moment, did you?

Mr. M.—No, Girl, I've thought of this lots. And I tell you there's more solid satisfaction livin' a sordid life right here on the bald prairie—makin' an honest livin' and bein' your own boss—yes, thinkin' your own thoughts—

Mable—But the overpowering monotony! Thinkin' your own thoughts?—Yes, but what are they? One man meets another—how's your crop?—or How's your sick—a-animal? You must admit, Dad, there's nothing else much to think about than crops and steers.

Mr. M.—Yes, there is. And what's wrong with that, anyway? Just as good as thinkin' about stocks and bonds and bank discounts all the time.

Mable—Well, perhaps, but this seems so elemental, doing everything with your bare hands. You seem to have to fight Nature all the time here—poisoning gophers, breaking broncos, picking stones,—all with your bare hands.

Mr. M.—May as well pick a stone as push a pen with your bare hands.

Mable—But surely it represents a higher stage of advance to be directing things behind a desk with a white collar and white hands than to be doing what those men were doing on that section of land south of the school today.

Mr. M.—Over on five. Yes?

Mable—Section five, is it? Well, they were making a fence. There they were, I admired the way they stayed at it, but sweating and dirty, their clothes snagged and torn by the wire. One man came out to the road as I was going past to ask

me what you were doing today, and I noticed his hands were bleeding from handling the barbed wire. Surely we don't need to tear our hands to make a living.

Mr. M.—No, I don't think white hands shows—what did you call it?—advance. A white collar is no sign of civilization. I mean if so, it only shows one side of it. Some of us still have to fight with Nature—with our bare hands, too, even if they do bleed sometimes.

Mable—Well, I'm glad you people out here are going to get something for it this year—that is, if your crops are really as good as you think they are.

Mr. M. winces, but says nothing, and Mable rises, glances around for something not there apparently, and leaves left.

Enter Mrs. Miller.

Mrs. M.—I could hear from the kitchen, John. You didn't tell her, did you?

Mr. M.—Well, no.

Mrs. M.—I feel that way too.

Mr. M.—You can't argue for this country. You just get to like it.

Mrs. M.—Yes, John, but Mable is so sure her ideas are best.

Mr. M.—I know.

Mrs. M.—There's something about her that makes you kind of fall in with what she says.

Mr. M.—That girl will make me promise to move back East yet. She'll find out after a while, but if I told her right now what these hot winds are doin' to the crops that are fillin'—well!

Mable had just entered as Mr. Miller began to speak, and overheard him. She now advances carrying her book-satchel.

Mable—What do you mean, Dad? The heads are beginning to fill and the hot winds are drying it up now? I've wondered if these winds that have been feeling so hot to me wouldn't do harm.

Mr. M.—Yes, far more harm than I thought for.

Mrs. M.—The hot winds we get here sometimes just dry everything up.

Mable—That means that the crops won't be very good again this year?

Mr. M.—Not unless we get rain right away. I cal'late, if it stays hot and dry two weeks longer it won't be worth cuttin'. But (with renewed energy) we'll have our new system of summer follow and that'll bring a crop next year.

Mable—Next year! That reminds me of what the insurance agent said that was at school last week. He said this is a great "next year" country. He said people never seemed to be doing very well **this year** but **next year** now they'd show you.

Mr. M.—That was Bell, from Clearley, was it? He can't say a good word for anythin' but himself.

Mable—Well, Dad, it seems to me it's about right. It's a fine thing to have faith in your country, but we must face facts. I can remember in your letters from home you would tell about poor crops year after year, but end up by describing the big things for next year. Now, don't you think, Dad, that you and Mother and I would get along better if we moved back East?



Mr. M.—No, I don't think so, Girl, and I have hopes of convincin' you yet that this life, right on the prairie here, is good enough for me—and you.

As he says this last, Mr. Miller rises and reaches for hat and coat.

Mable (laughingly)—But I have the country on my side and I think you'll lose. Let's talk of it again in two weeks.

Mr. Miller goes out and Mable lights the lamp, pulls down the blind, and, taking her satchel, seats herself at the table.

Mrs. M. (on the point of leaving for kitchen)—When Bob Stevens comes over for his mail don't let him leave without telling me. I have baked a pan of biscuits for him.

Mable—Mother, that's like you, baking him some biscuits. He'll like them, too. ( Rising ) Mother, do you know, he's an old dear.

Mrs. M.—I beg your pardon!

Mable—Well, he is—though I wouldn't let anyone else hear me say so for the world.

Mrs. M.—Is this serious, Mable?

Mable—Now you're trying to kid me, Mother. He is rather impossible, but so good-hearted. D'you know, Mother, he walked over to school with me yesterday and opened that coal-shed door that I couldn't get open. Then he walked home, got his saw and plane, and walked back and fixed it, and I didn't even ask him to. If I'd known he was going home for them I wouldn't have let him go to so much trouble.

Mrs. M.—Well, that makes a walk of about twelve miles.

Mable—And he was so good about it. I had a long talk with him on the way to school. These poor prairie bachelors, I pity them. Bob's like the country here, uncouth and uncivilized. D'you know, Mother, what he has every morning for breakfast? Hot cakes and nothing else. He told me he had missed hot cakes only one morning in the last nine years.

Mrs. M.—Yes, I know. And he doesn't keep a cow. He makes his hot cakes with water.

Mable—Hot cakes made with water, morning after morning! Not-so-good! Poor man!

Mrs. M.—It's not good for him. He needs a wife to look after things a bit.

When Mrs. Miller says this, Mable suddenly becomes very busy with her satchel, and taking out her books, begins to turn over a scribbler.

Mrs. Miller watches her daughter quizzically—a sharp rap is heard.

Mrs. M.—Come in!

Enter neighbour Stevens.

Mrs. M.—Good night, Bob.

Mable—Good night, Mr. Stevens.

Stevens—Good night, Mrs. Miller and Miss Miller. The boss brought my mail out, did he?

Mrs. M.—Yes, of course, take a chair, he'll soon be in. Didn't you see him around the stables anywhere?

Stevens—No, I put my horse in, but didn't see him. He was in the other barn p'raps.

Mrs. M.—How's your crop standing the hot weather, Bob?

Stevens—We sure need rain, Mrs. Miller. I'll still get a good crop if it comes rain right away,

and I see it's bankin' up in the west tonight, hopeful like.

Mable—Do you think it will rain tonight, Mr. Stevens?

Stevens—Oh, I wouldn't like to say that. Only fools and newcomers prophesy about the weather in this country. But it sure looks like it.

Mable—Oh, I see! You look on newcomers as being fools in a way too, don't you?

Stevens—Not all of 'em, do we, Mrs. Miller?

Mrs. M.—No, no.

Mable (smiling)—Excuse me for a minute, please.

She leaves right. Stevens watches her exit.

Stevens (turning to Mrs. Miller)—Bachelors are always supposed to like the schoolmum, and that's me with her. You ought to be proud of her, Mrs. Miller.

Mrs. M. (with parental enthusiasm)—Proud of her! You should hear what the Whitefords say, where she stayed for three years going to school in Toronto. Bob, they can't say enough about her. Proud of her! That girl took housework for her last three years in high school because she thought we were hard up and we didn't even as much as hint at it ourselves.

Stevens—She's got brains and she's young and sensible at the same time. I didn't guess there was any like that now-a-days. Ah—it's been bothering me like the dickens lately—do I—ah—look thirty-one, Mrs. Miller?

Mrs. M.—No, you're still a mere boy, but (with a twinkle in her eye) why is that worrying you?

Stevens—Oh, I don't know. A man gets queer ideas livin' alone all the time. I guess that's the reason for it. I would be good to a wife, wouldn't I, Mrs. Miller? You've known me for eight years.

Mrs. M.—Yes, I'm sure you would, but (with motherly diplomacy) Mable doesn't like the West very well, though.

Stevens—I know, she told me that. But don't you think she'll get to like it? (this last with transparent eagerness.)

Mrs. M.—I hope so, Bob.

Enter Mr. Miller.

Stevens—Good night, John, how's town?

Mr. M.—Oh, it's about the same as ever, Bob. Here's your mail. (He hands Stevens a roll from the cupboard.)

Stevens—Thanks!

Mrs. M.—Excuse me, I must go and mix that bread again.

She leaves left.

Mr. M.—Well, it's gettin' pretty dry on us, Bob. Unless the weather changes right soon we won't get much crop again this year. They say the store-keepers in town are shuttin' down on credit already.

Stevens—They never miss doin' that when it looks like hard times comin'. I suppose they got to be careful, but it's goin' to be tough on some people.

Mr. M.—I heard they got some hail south of town Sunday.

Stevens—That so? Do much damage.

Mr. M.—Some of them got fifty per cent. on their insurance. One man that didn't carry insurance was hailed out complete, I heard. You never



carry insurance, do you, Bob?

Stevens—No, I never.

Mr. M.—I've often wondered about that. What's your reason, Boy?

Stevens—I don't tell many why not, but if you're goin' t' get hailed you're goin' t' get hailed, and it seems to me like you're gamblin' with the Almighty in insurin'.

Mr. M.—Well, I don't know who I'm gamblin' with, but I insure to reduce the gamble as much as possible.

Stevens—How do you like this Municipal Insurance Company?

Mr. M.—Oh, I like it. A can can insure in the spring and then cancel it later on in the summer if it looks like the crop won't be much good. That helps.

Stevens—Are you thinkin' of cancellin' then?

Mr. M.—I cancelled it today. I'm not expectin' much of a crop now, 'though a good rain right away would save it.

Stevens—Is it goin'——(he breaks off as Mable appears).

Enter from right, Mable. She has changed her dress.

Mr. M.—Mable, will you entertain Bob awhile, please? I haven't quite finished doin' my chores yet.

He takes his hat, and, lighting his lantern which he gets from the kitchen, goes out.

Mable—Have a chair, Mr. Stevens. (After an awkward silence) Did you finish plowing that field yesterday?

Stevens—Oh, yes.

Stevens keeps his eyes on the floor. Mable watches him.

Mable (after another silence)—Why don't you comb your hair another way, you don't look a bit like I thought you would.

Stevens—Thanks for the compliment! But what made you think I looked like anythin'?

Mable—Oh, just from hearing about you so much in the letters from home.

Stevens—Did they tell about me then?

Mable—Oh yes! For years and years. (With sudden mischief) And they wished several times that you would get married.

Stevens (candidly)—That's what I've wished too—several times.

Mable—The right girl hasn't come out yet, is that it?

Stevens—Oh, I wouldn't like to say that—now.

Mable's eyes drop in some confusion, but she soon recovers from her momentary embarrassment and seizes the opening.

Mable (pointedly)—But why don't you live where women like living, rather than waiting for them to come out here?

Stevens—Well, that's a question. You advise me to get back to a better woman's country, is that it?

Mable (with some warmth)—I don't like that "woman's country." A woman can live anywhere that a man can—

Stevens (amusedly)—But didn't you jes' say—

Mable—No, I didn't. You know what I meant.

Stevens—Yes, I know what you mean. But if you ever seen the sunrise from my shack door, if you ever heard the earliest meadowlarks in the spring, if you ever felt the first chinook in January you'd know.

Mable (greatly impressed)—Does this country make poets of everyone that lives here?

Stevens—I'm no poet. But there's these things and you'll get to like them as well as the rest of us after a while—if you stay.

Mable—I'd like to, Mr. Stevens. I'd like to stay out here with the folks and—everything (her eyes drop)—but I'm kind of out of place, and I haven't been brought up to endure the monotony.

Stevens—It's bein' so different from the places you used to know that makes the difference. But you'll get to understand the people out here and their ways in a little while, Miss Miller.

Mable—Yes, but is it necessary? What are people staying here for? What do you stay here for—a—Bob?

Stevens—Because I like it. I'm developin' that homestead over there (with a gesture). It takes time and it's a hard plug, but I'm gettin' along. Some day I'm goin' to ask some body to help me to fix it up—and we're going to have trees planted, an' have a new house an' everythin'.

Mable (to tease him)—Let me wish you and—the other person, the best of luck, Bob.

Stevens (shaking his head affirmatively)—It's goin' to happen, some day, Mable.

Enter from kitchen Mrs. Miller. Stevens gives her a chair.

Mrs. M.—Thank you.

Stevens (striving to hide his embarrassment)—How was school today, Miss Miller?

Mable—Fine! That door works first-rate now. Thank you ever so much.

Stevens (hurriedly)—Oh, don't mention it, that was nothin'.

Mrs. M.—Mable, why don't you play Mr. Stevens something?

Mable—I'm sorry, Mother, I left the violin at school. I want to play tomorrow to the children again.

Stevens—That's too bad, but my loss will be the kids' gain, I s'ppose.

Mrs. M. (with a half-concealed smile)—Do you know, Mable, that Bob's quite a singer?

Mable—Oh, Mr. Stevens, sing for us, please?

She jumps up with characteristic vigor and arranges the chairs so that Stevens may have a position of advantage befitting the occasion.

Stevens (in confusion)—Oh, Mrs. Miller! (To Mable with a gesture of the hands) I can't sing, and besides I'm all out of practice.

Mable—Now, Mr. Stevens, as I say to the children, we ask you only to try.

Mrs. M.—Yes, Bob, please. That song of the homesteads you sing so well.

Stevens rises in some confusion and after a preliminary cough and awkward silence, in which his hands have an exceedingly busy time, he sings in a nasal but not unpleasant voice.



## THE ALBERTA CLAIM

My name is Joe Bowers,  
A bachelor I am,  
You'll find me out West on  
The Alberta Claim.  
I've nothin' to lose and  
I've nothin' to gain, so  
You'll find my batch out on  
The Great Western Plain.

Chorus:

Then here's to Alberta,  
The land of the free,  
The home of the grasshopper,  
Bot fly and bee;  
We'll sing to its praises  
And drink to its fame,  
For we're starvin' to death on  
The Alberta Claim.

Mable (at the conclusion)—Fine! You really live in a sod house, don't you?

Stevens—Yeh, the old sod shack still does duty.

Mable—Hot cakes without milk—every day, in a sod hou—er—shack! And you can still make fun of it! I must say I admire that.

Mrs. M.—Don't you think, Mable, that Bob—

The speaker is interrupted as Mr. Miller hurries in. He is excited. A gust of wind rattles the house. Mr. Miller slams the door.

Mr. M.—There's a storm comin'! It's nearly here!

Mrs. M.—A storm! Really, John?

Stevens—Man, I hope so!

Stevens goes to the window.

Mrs. Miller opens the door and peers out.

Mable (who has sprung up)—Dad, I'm as excited as any of you. Is this the way you always feel when rain threatens here? You get enough sometimes, don't you?

Mr. M.—Oh, yes. But rain on the prairies doesn't happen every day, 'specially this time of year.

Stevens (coming from window)—There's sure a wild storm comin', whether we'll get rain is another thing.

Mable—Oh, you old pessimist, of course we will!

Mrs. M.—Well, do we need much more, John?

Mr. M.—No, I wouldn't say very much, would you, Bob?

Stevens—No, a good shower with cooler weather and she'd fill fine. And we're due for cooler weather if the rain only hits us.

Mrs. M. (from window)—Well, it's certainly dark out—and the wind is getting up.

Mable—I'm so excited.

A flash of lightning followed by a roll of thunder turns all eyes toward the window. The rain splashes against the glass.

Mr. M.—Rain!

They are all elated. Mr. Miller opens the door to close it promptly in the teeth of a sheet of water.

Mr. M.—Wow! Molly, the crop is saved!

Stevens (to Mable)—This means a new house for me. I'll bet the old roof is leakin' now—I wisht I'd left a pail under the biggest hole and caught some soft water.

Mable—Will the roof be leaking?

Stevens — Leakin'? What's stoppin' it from leakin'? But I've been watchin' that old crop goin' back every day, and wishin' like blazes somethin' 'ud start leakin' soon. And **next year** now, I'll have a new house and the roof won't be sod.

Mable—You deserve something better.

Stevens—And I'll begin plantin' my trees too, Mable.

Crack on the roof! Crack! Crack!

Stevens jumps to the window.

Mr. Miller stands with clenched fists.

Stevens—Hail!

It is now pounding down—one can hear nothing else, the storm reigns supreme—just a few moments, then it stops almost as suddenly as started.

Mrs. M. (timidly)—Has there been enough to hurt, John?

Stevens—No, I wouldn't think so—to hurt much here.

Mr. Miller grabs a coat and throwing it over his head, hurries out.

Mrs. M. (with painful anxiety)—There hasn't been enough to hurt much, you don't think, Bob?

Stevens (reassuringly)—No, I don't think so.

Mable—If this crop is destroyed it will break even Dad's spirit.

Mrs. M.—Yes, I'm afraid it will. A man can only stand so much and he's been disappointed so often on this place and 's been counting so on this crop that I'm afraid it will.

Enter Mr. Miller.

Mr. M.—No, we haven't had much here, but it's been lots worse east from what I can see down here in the coulee.

Stevens—East! And that's where all your wheat is.

Mrs. M.—Yes. Oh, John, do you think has—?

Mr. M.—I think it will have pretty well missed that. (His tone denotes his doubt.)

Stevens—I have my horse in the barn. I'll just ride out and see.

He takes hat and coat and hurries out. Mr. Miller paces the floor for a moment.

Mrs. M. (imploringly)—Has it missed the wheat, John?

Mr. M.—Molly, I don't know. The storm has been mostly East, so judge it for yourself.

Mable—If the storm has been mostly East, how can it miss the wheat?

Mr. M.—Hail storms are like cyclones, it's hard to tell just where they will strike, and do harm; it's hard to say what they'll miss. We've just got to wait 'til Bob gets back.

Mrs. M.—Bob will ride fast, won't he? How long will it take him to get back?

Mr. M.—He'll be back in a very few minutes.

Mrs. M.—The crop will come back pretty well, even if it is hailed, won't it?

Mr. M.—No. I'm afraid it's too late for it to do that much. It would have come a second growth if it'd been hailed three or four weeks ago.

Mable—Oh, it will grow again after it's hailed, will it?

Mr. M.—Oh, yes, if it isn't too late. But now the wheat's headin' out, it won't much.



## The seconds drag.

Mrs. Miller drops into a chair, covering her face with her hands.

Mable (going over and putting her arms around her)—Don't cry, Mumsy, the crops may not be damaged, we don't know yet.

Mrs. M. (looking up and with simple dignity)—I'm not crying, Girl. I was praying that the wheat is missed.

Mable—Oh, Mother! (patting her shoulder). Now, Dad, what will you do if the crop is destroyed?

Mr. M.—Well, Mable, we'll have to grin and bear it, I guess. There's one thing about it, we won't have to buy binder twine. But it will be hard lines, no mistake. Still I'm not expectin' that. I'm not superstitious as a rule, but I've got a strong hunch that the crop is all right.

Mrs. M.—We'll have the hail insurance if we've been hit and that'll help some.

Mr. Miller says nothing.

Mrs. M. (after a moment)—How much insurance did you put on this year, John?

Mr. M. (with emphasis denoting his hidden meaning)—I **put on** ten dollars on acre.

A commotion is heard outside. They tense with excitement and look toward the door as Stevens rushes in. Stevens is wild looking, wet and spattered with mud.

Stevens—You're hailed out!

Mrs. M. (rushes to him)—Oh, Boy! Say it isn't true, we can't lose this crop!

Stevens—Yeh, she's cut clean. A lot of it pounded into the ground. (Going over to Mr. Miller) Excuse me for blurtin' it out so brutal, John, but that's what's happened.

Mrs. M.—Never mind, John. We'll have the insurance and ten dollars an acre will go quite a ways.

Mr. M. (with a gesture of profound despair)—But I cancelled the insurance today, Molly.

Mrs. M.—Oh, John! (She bursts into tears.)

Mr. Miller's head drops. He stands a pathetic figure.

Mable (from part back stage where she has been comforting her mother)—Well, Dad, you'll have to admit now that I was right. Remember what we were saying about facing facts? Don't you think it's a good time to get out and move away?

Mr. M. (squaring his shoulders)—Face facts! Yes! We'll face facts. But we won't move away from them. Bob, will we try again?

Stevens—"Try again". That's my middle name. Hell! The prairies ain't seen a hailstorm yet that'll move **us** out.

Mable—Dad! (Advancing) If that's the spirit of the West, **next year** 'll find me here too—if you people (with a quick glance at Stevens) will have me.

Stevens—Darn it! (Bringing his fist down on the table). Wasn't it Shakespeare said somethin' about clouds havin' silver linin'? I guess that holds for hail clouds too.

Mr. M.—Thank God, this **is** a next year country.

(Curtain)

—WESLEY OKE.

## A TRAGEDY

(With *mise en scène*)

A little house with face towards the West;  
A dimpled lake below;  
Beyond, pagoda-like along the crest  
Firs, limned in sunset glow.

Clouds banked like snowclad mountains in the sky  
Surround a gilt lagoon  
Upon whose surface floating islands lie  
Which slowly melt in gloom.

A skyland paradise thus fades away,  
Then round th' unruffled lake  
The silhouetted trees in rare display  
A fringing pattern make.

Soon trills of hidden frogs pervade the night,  
While V-shaped ripples mark  
The tracks of muskrats in the misty light,  
And hungry coyotes bark.

A rabbit stamps has way amid the brush;  
The partridge drum is heard.  
Then swiftly 'cross the moon two shadows rush—  
A mouse—and bird.

—DE LARUE EDMONDS.

## DON JUAN

It is three years now since I last visited Uncle John. It was the New Year season; Uncle John had asked me to run up for the few days between Christmas and university re-opening. The last evening especially stands out in my memory. As I was to leave in the morning, Uncle and dear old Aunt Em outdid themselves in old-time hospitality. Dinner over, we gathered around the big fireplace, where the crackling of the flames drowned the faint snapping of frost-bitten trees out of doors. Uncle John lounged in his arm-chair, happy in a blue haze of smoke; Aunt Em sat with busy knitting needles just at the borderline of light, and beside her, on a cushion, her blue eyes wide, sat her little niece Esther. We all were content to sit in silence for a few minutes in the oblivion of utter happiness.

Uncle John was "getting on in years" now, as the folks at home said, but to me he never seemed to change. There was something youthful in his personality. I had always had a lingering suspicion that there lurked a spark of poetic romance in a corner of his big warm heart. And, as it turned out, my suspicion was confirmed that very evening.

We talked, among other things, of Uncle John's library and his really admirable collection of histories. "You always were fond of history, weren't you, uncle?" I began. "Ay, I was, lad, but not while I was at school. Too many kings and dates and things. I like to read for myself just whatever takes my fancy; about the common folk and that sort of thing. I like to study the medieval people, they had so many shortcomings and backslidings. One is apt to forget when he studies history that he is studying humanity." A pause, then:



"Did you ever hear the story of Don Juan?" "Of Austria?" I replied. I had faint recollections of the name from a freshman history course. "Yes, that's the one," said he; "I'll bet you found him utterly tiresome at school." I had to admit as much. "It's a great story," he went on, "perhaps I could recall some of it if you——" I assured him I would be delighted. Little Esther whispered to her aunt, who smiled. Apparently they knew Uncle John's "stories" of old.

The court of Philip of Spain was one of the most magnificent in Europe, and to a certain wide-eyed country lad it was fairy-land indeed. That morning he had lazed day-dreaming under the sleepy, vine-covered porticoes of old Villagarcia, till kindly Dame Madalena had come to whisper excitedly that a "gentleman from court" had come for him. Since then, everything was confused in his mind. The soft tears on the old dame's wrinkled cheek, the gruff, kindly voice of Don Luis, the obsequious attentions of the "gentleman from court," were merged like a grotesque and not unpleasant dream. And now he, Geronimo, a simple, adolescent youth, was entering the dwelling of the king. Miracle indeed!

How he was instructed by a little dark man that he was the son of the great Emperor—peace to his soul!—and by the king's gracious consent received into court as a member of the family royal; that his name was now to be Don Juan of Austria and one day he was to become an holy monk, were subjects for long days of speculations. Nor were they childish dreams as before. His parentage in the halls of the Caesars! It was an ennobling thought in the impressionable mind and among his speculations he found certain strange and powerful thoughts; vague premonitions of great things yet to come. He learned to accept his new life as it came and played as happily with courtly Don Carlos and little Lady Maria as he had with the bare-footed urchins of Valladolid. Maria! What a little lady she was! Beautiful even as a girl, with a darkly bright beauty—like old gold in the fire-light, Juan thought. And she cried softly when he and Don Carlos went away to school.

One morning, five years later, puissant King Philip found among his suppliants a tall, bronzed young man whom he recognized with difficulty as the lad Juan. He noted the erect carriage, proud head and slender, clear-cut face. The dreaming lad was no more; here was a man of action. Juan bowed and spoke, wasting not a word: "Your Majesty, you wished that I might become an holy monk. Sire, I cannot. I do not despise the church nor the orders, but I cannot live the life." The king frowned, but his eyes belied his mien. Even the tyrant of an inquisition could afford to be affable to such an upstanding young subject. "What would you do, then, unholy Don Juan?" "Oh, sire, I would do that wherein I may serve you best, soldiering!" "Soldiering, is it?" The king smiled. "I should be angry with you, but—let be!" Juan's face lighted up. "Thank you, sire." But the king gave him a keen glance. "Mind you, sir, you must be an excellent soldier."

Another five years flew by. Juan was home again, breathing romantic adventure and the high call of the sea. His swift galleys had swept the Mediterranean, and fierce Algerian corsairs had learned to respect the Christian cross and Spanish ensign. Engagements had been fierce, but youth counted but lightly the dangers. Don Juan of Austria held his head high.

Evening was shedding a soft blue glow over everything; someone strummed a guitar in the court garden. Juan and Maria walked and talked, happy for the moment in each other's presence. "Oh, Juan, must you go again?" Maria asked softly. "But the king has honoured me, little Maria," answered Juan, "by giving me the command of the Christian fleet. Yes, I must. The Turks are even now gathering in their ports. It is for the safety of Christendom. But oh, Maria, war is not sweet when I think of you. I do not want to go. I want to stay with you." "You must go, Juan," she replied, "but never fear. I will be with you in my thoughts every moment. Our Lady will keep you; I know she will. Goodbye, dear Juan."

Uncle John paused for a moment to relight his pipe and replenish the dying fire. The ruddy glow again spread through the room and the grotesque shadows on the wall danced with the flickering flames. "Try to imagine," he went on, "that we were standing on one of those high bluffs overlooking the Gulf of Corinth in Greece. The day was perfect and the famed Grecian air was crystal pure. Imagine a fleet drawn up there before us, a great crescent in the centre of the gulf. A multitude of vessels were there, extending as far as we could see; long, rakish galleys for the most part, with innumerable other craft. Oar-blades gleamed motionless in the air; sails quivered to fill; here and there amid an endless number of pennants blazed forth the silver star and crescent on scarlet banners. In the van stood out the superb galleys of Ali and Pertev Pasha. Every shining ship was in its place. There was a tenseness in the air.

Then suddenly off the far headland appeared a ship, high, pure-white sail full-bellied, with dark hull beneath, clear-cut as a cameo. In its wake, all heeling gracefully with the breeze, sailed a long line of ships, bearing swiftly down the gulf. And when the standard of the Holy League gleamed on high, a low muttering clamour arose from the Turkish vessels, a growing crescendo of hate. Ali Pasha laughed in his curled beard; tall Don Juan stood in the prow of his leading galley with set face. The Christians were waiting, tense as they came on; the Turks were clamouring for the fight. Ali Pasha stood with blue-glinting scimitar in hand; Don Juan was pale. A shiver passed through him. No petty band of pirates faced him now, but the assembled force of the lands of the crescent. Oh! Little Maria, courage! Come quickly! Christendom's safety rests with you . . .

As a captain approached Don Juan to advise a more careful method of attack than the present formation, the young man's brow cleared and the look of doubt vanished. The son of Charles V lifted up his head and laughed. "It is no longer the hour for advising, but for fighting!" His high,



boyish voice range clear. "Brothers, we are here to vanquish or die, if God so wishes it." His answer was a volley from Ali Pasha's corsair.

All in a moment the battle was raging. Guns jarred, timbers crashed, ships grappled and were swallowed up. Swords gleamed white, then glowed purple. Christian and infidel drowned together in a death grapple. But the high head of Don Juan was seen in the thickest. There was a light in his eyes and a demon in his arms. Oh, little Maria, stay near! Up swarmed from Turkish holds hundreds of Christian captives, weeping for the joy of killing Turks with their irons. Gilded figure-heads were blood-bedaubed before the line broke. A fierce head, grinning in its curled beard, was thrust aloft on the point of a spear. Don Juan of Austria had saved his people!

Juan and his new-found friend, Cervantes, walked in the old familiar court garden, laughing and talking. Life seemed good to them now. The race had been well run and the haven was sweet. Cervantes was already seeing "a lean and foolish knight"; Don Juan's thoughts were all his own. They wandered on to where a little figure sat alone in the vine-covered arbor. Juan spoke: "Don Miguel de Cervantes, this is the heroine of Lepanto." Cervantes looked into the deep, dark eyes of Maria and smiled. "I think I understand," he said.

We sat in silence for a few minutes, when Uncle John had finished. It was almost dark in the room now. Aunt Em dropped her knitting into her basket with a sigh. "That's a fine kind of story for you to be telling, John Smith." She smiled. "And you call that history! Esther here will dream about it for weeks; your stories always do affect her." But little Esther was not to be outdone. She came over and sat on the arm of his chair. "Yes, I will," she said, "for it was beautiful, and—thank you, Uncle John."

—J. D. C.

### "TO ALL THE WORLD—A MAN"

"God!" he gasped passing the back of a sweat-begrimed hand over his aching eyes, "I'd like someone to heave a brick this way and lay me cold."

Tennis finals! And still those streaks of white came stinging over the net. It was the deadly serve he had been facing for an hour—and it wasn't weakening.

"Been dreading this—afraid I wouldn't beat Bob in straight sets and—"

"Thirty-five!" called the referee, "Brant serves."

Dave took an unnecessarily long time to pick up the balls; he was trying desperately to think of a plan.

"Can't quit—not with all these people here—but, God knows, I'm all in . . . Who wants to be like a bulldog anyway, without sense enough to know when to let go . . . Mildred over there too . . . Fool! Fool to let her talk me into going after this tennis . . . What do I care for the honours anyway—I play for the fun of it. But—can't let these people see me quit. God, no!"

He swung his racquet to serve.

"The kn-n-n-ife, the s-a-saw, the saw, the knife," began the contingents of Medicals, ready to give their representative every encouragement.

"Four bits, Dave will win on his own serve!" sang out a med. of ample proportions, sitting in the front row of seats, and whose round head seemed on the point of bursting from the green and gold skull cap that clung to the top.

"You're called!" came back from two places amongst the Afs.

Dave served. The battle was resumed.

"Well, I wanted this Varsity championship, but—I'm all in. How to get out without letting them see!—how to fool them—that's all that counts."

The excited spectators saw Dave run in to return a low ball—he appeared to misjudge it—his ankle buckled, and he dropped in a heap.

"There seems to be nothing to worry about here, Brant," the doctor was saying, as with Dave carried in and stretched out on his bed, a hurried examination was being made.

"I can't feel any broken bones, it's not heated badly, and not much swelling—yet anyway. How does it feel now?"

"It's not so bad now, as a matter of fact, Doc. It was just for a minute or two, but I thought I would faint with the pain that shot up that old leg."

"No," as he bandaged, "there's nothing to worry about here at all," the doctor replied.

"It lost me the championship," answered Dave in a tone of injured resignation.

"Yes, that is too bad, Brant, but everybody admired the gritty way you tried to get up and carry on."

Brant said nothing.

That night at their meeting, the medicals elected president of the Med. Club, one David Charles Brant.

"He sure deserves it after his fight for the tennis championship this afternoon," stated Ed. Speers with enthusiasm, and all agreed.

"Ed, how would it be to get Mildred to go and tell him?" suggested someone, after the election formalities were over.

"Fine idea. I'll tear out and 'phone her now."

So it came about that Mildred did visit Dave that evening, although she had decided earlier in the day to keep away until the following morning. She had felt sick as she watched him, white-lipped and trembling, being carried to his room.

"I'll just have the doctor tell him how sorry I am and see him in the morning," she decided.

However, with the good news from the Med Club she hurried over. The nurse let her go in to Dave's room and she had the door closed before he knew that anyone was with him.

"Oh, poor Davie!" she exclaimed, dropping on the chair beside the bed. "How does the ankle feel now?"

"You, Mil? Good for you! Well, the ankle is pretty sore, but it's not half as sore as I am at losing that old championship."

"That's nothing, Dave. You put up a whale of a game and nobody can help a twisted ankle."

Then noting that Dave seemed still to be worrying about it, she went on—"You're the campus hero. All the gang were around to compliment me on your great game an' they think you were so plucky to try an' get up an' play an' such a good sport to forfeit the championship when you couldn't finish the game, an' the Meds have elected you president an' they say you did far more for the faculty than just winning an' they sent me to tell you"—she stopped, out of breath, and looked away.

She and Dave in their three years of undergraduate intimacy had successfully established and maintained a restraint that allowed of no extravagant display of their feelings toward one another. Mildred, after her impetuous words, felt a warm flush and avoided meeting Dave's eyes.

The figure between the sheets did not move. For the first time in years he felt properly ashamed of himself. This habitual covering up of his great weakness, his lack of perseverance, had grown up from early childhood, until it coloured every thought. He had never even admitted to himself his character defect and he went to great effort to have others believe that he was a last-ditch fighter.

Now for a minute he did feel ashamed. "I thought that was a lucky slip," he mused, "but I should have played the thing out, even with a bit of a twisted ankle like this."

However, such thoughts did not bother Brant for long. He was elated at having Mildred, his little Mildred, sympathize so charmingly and recount the enthusiasm of his brother Meds.

"I'm a hero to them all! That's what matters in this old world."

During the long years of his college career, Dave's parents, "The Old Folks", worked away even harder than usual while their son approached the day when he would be graduated an Alberta M.D.

"Yes," said 'The Old Man' as he and Mother sat before the open fire one evening, "it was surprising so many people coming into the store today knew Dave was made president of his club, and they all congratulated me on the boy."

"Yes, the neighbours know about it, the world will know David Brant—some day, and I will be his mother."

"And me?" queried the old man in an amused tone.

"You? You will be the great doctor's father, something to be proud of."

"Oh!" answered Mr. Brant a trifle annoyed. "I don't know about this—uh—basking in the reflected glory of the boy. I can get along for myself."

"He's going to be far greater than you have ever been," Mrs. Brant answered.

"Well!"

Mrs. Brant did not relish the bantering tone of her husband, and answered indignantly: "He'll be great, Jim, I tell you, that boy of mine." And impetuously—"He's more mine than your anyway. He looks like me, he's like me in so many ways, everyone says. He has the Stavey pride in him, something you haven't got, Jim Brant. I know you've never encouraged him like you should, but I have faith in my David—he'll be a great surgeon some day."

Mr. Brant sat up in his chair, now roused in earnest. He looked at his wife, then shook his head.

"Do you want me to tell you, Mother, just what Dave's weakness is?" Then going on as his wife didn't answer:

"He's too much like me myself——"

"But he's not. Everybody says he's like me," came the quick retort.

"Well, he's like me in one thing anyway. Like me and not like me." The old man, his anger soon gone, felt sudden regret at being forced into statements that he now saw couldn't be withheld.

"You and me've lived together for twenty-three years, Libby, and you know the times and times you've helped me. As I've said often enough, I'd've been forced out of the Ontario store and this one here, too, lots of time of you hadn't been with me to keep me from giving up. Now, Dave is like me in this. I can see myself in him too plain to make any mistake." The old man employed his favourite gesture—shook his head.

"But he's different as can be. You never heard Dave say, like you, he can't stick with a thing. Why, Mrs. Stoner was just telling me the other day how much pluck it must take Dave to get where he has. And you know his Uncle Steve thinks there's nobody like him, and he'll give Dave his practice here the day he graduates. Steven has been looking ahead to that for years."

Mr. Brant pondered as he sat bent in his chair looking into the fire. After a minute he rejoined. "No, never heard Dave admit it—that's just the thing. I've said he's like me and not like me, too. I've always realized my lack, and I've been ready to admit it. Dave—Mother, I'm not sure—I don't like to say this—either Dave won't admit his weakness to himself, doesn't really know he has it, or else he's too proud to say so, and always tries to excuse himself other ways. But he's got the Brant backbone, I know. More's the pity."

"Jim Brant, what nonsense! What else are you going to say about my boy? It's not the Brant backbone, it's the Stacey pride, he's got. He's not the quitting kind! You don't know it all," and rising, she took the hot water bottle from the table, filled it from the kettle on the kitchen stove and passed upstairs with a hurried "Good night, Jim Brant!"

The old man fell into a reverie. "Perhaps I may be a little hard on the boy. Everybody have faults—he might do what his mother expects yet—he's different from me, he doesn't admit it to anyone—and that may be a strong point in him. The boy may make good in a big way yet."

The figure before the stove began to drowse.

The years have brought changes as years will. David Brant is an M.D. He is married to Mildred, his college sweetheart, is settled in his old home town, Antelope, Alberta, and is now the physician to the village and surrounding country, succeeding his retired uncle. Although happily married, Dave has been unable to conceal from his wife the weakness he has always tried to cover.



She, typical wife, had long since fathomed many of his deceptions. She was not, however, fully conscious of the character complex behind them. Mildred had come to realize that her husband lacked the will to persevere and she attempted to assist him. She urged, but urged without nagging, so that Dave was helped—the help that cannot be repented.

"No, I'm not built like a bulldog," Dave would reiterate to his wife, having become subconsciously aware that she understood him, and so finding it necessary to save his pride under another deceit. "I'm no bulldog, but that doesn't prevent going the limit for something big. I may not throw myself into everything that comes up, but for the big things when they come up, I'll not stop. I'll go the limit for the big things."

And the very sane, very brown-eyed Mildred believed him.

Dr. Brant had established himself. He became a prime favourite in the district, his practice increased. He had grown up in the village, so the little town and the surrounding country had been familiar from childhood. Dave had shot ducks in every slough for miles around, prairie chicken in every field. He had enjoyed short holidays on many of the farms. He had driven often with his uncle while that uncle attended his practice. Dave knew the village, the wide rolling prairie, and the people—and liked them all. So his practice grew. Gently urged by his wife his work was done promptly and well.

Jim Brant watched his son narrowly, although the old man appeared to be spending his entire time peering over his spectacles at his customers or his goods. And he was pleased with the boy—somewhat surprised and well satisfied.

Mrs. Brant (Mrs. J., as she was called) followed developments too. She watched and smiled in her superior way when she heard the neighbours speaking of "Young Doc. Dave" and the way he was progressing in his practice.

"He'll soon grow too big for this country here," she soliloquized. "You'll find David a big city doctor in ten years."

When winter descended on this prairie land, Dave, muffled in fur, with the famous driving team that had carried his uncle through many a blizzard, might often be seen covering the outlying districts and sure of a welcome wherever he might stop.

Then it happened.

Snow began falling Thursday evening. It continued through the night and fell with monotonous regularity all day.

"I hope you won't have to go out in this storm, Dave dear," Mildred was saying as she stamped in that evening from a visit to the Old Folks.

"It's snowing pretty hard, is it?" said Dave, looking up.

"Pretty hard! I'll say so. Your Dad says he doesn't remember ever having seen more loose snow on the prairies. He expects the storm will end in a blow."

Dave walked over to the window.

"You're not expecting any calls are you?" asked Mildred watching him a trifle anxiously.

"Well, Mrs. Sam Robbins' baby will be here soon, I might be called out there most any time."

"Oh, Dave, that twenty-four mile trip!" Then suddenly remembering. "But if they do call, you'll make it all right. Old Jerry and Tom have brought dozens of babies into this old world; they have taken Uncle Steve to oodles of sick people—in blizzards too. You can sure depend on them. Poor Mrs. Robbins, she's so young, too."

"Yes," answered Dave non-committantly.

Saturday morning awakened to find snow still falling. By twelve the snow was whirling before a gusty north-west wind. After lunch Dave and Mildred looked out on a raging world of white. Drifts were piling on all sides.

"The thermometer's dropping," announced Mildred after a last look, as the early darkness gathered.

"Yes, we can expect it to get colder now," Dave answered. "The trains are all snowbound east and west. It's a corker. I wonder if the north telephone line is up all the way out," he added.

"Why, Dave?"

"Oh, I just wonder."

"It's to be hoped so for Mrs. Robbins' sake if the baby comes, isn't it?"

"Yes."

Early in the evening Dave announced that he wanted a good sleep and was ready to turn in.

They went to bed soon after nine, but the hours brought little sleep to the doctor.

The house grew colder and colder in spite of the huge fire that had been built up in the furnace. Outside the wind stamped and roared with increasing fury. During the occasional lulls when the wind would cease pounding temporarily, its cold and pitiless whine struck terror to his heart.

"Well, I'm not afraid of it, even if I have to go," he kept telling himself. Then visions of the endless miles, the constant struggle with the mountainous drifts, the relentless hammering of the storm, would rise before him as he tried to shut out such thoughts.

"I'll hold out, I will, I will——"

The sudden blast of the telephone bell struck cold terror to his heart, and he lay trying not to breathe, nor even to think.

It came again and again.

The head of the bed was close to the telephone so it could be heard above the roar of the storm. As it rang with sharp insistence, before long Mildred stirred, turned, and sat up with a start.

"Dave! Dave!" she called, punching him. "The telephone!"

He stirred, yawned elaborately, and raised himself on elbow.

"There's somebody calling, Dave!" Then she added as he prepared to slide out on the rug, "Be sure you wrap up well to stand in front of that 'phone."

The house seemed fairly rocking with the force of the storm as Dave clambered into his big coat hanging conveniently near, and made his way to the telephone in weak-kneed fear.

"Hello—then louder—Hell-o!—Oh, that you, Sam?—What were you trying to do yesterday—Oh, yes, trying to get me on the 'phone—What?—"

Louder, Sam, this infernal storm—Oh, at George Thompson's—Line is still up that far out, is it?—Yes, I can make it—Start in two hours—Keep your spirits up, Sam."

"So it's come," called Mildred from the bed. "Well, we'll have to get you off right away."

"Yes," answered Dave with new vigor in his voice.

"It's not so bad after all," he thought to himself. "I'll make it without much trouble. I'd like to be starting right now."

Day was breaking as Dave made his way to the stable. The storm, he felt sure, was the worst he had ever seen. And the snow—he simply wallowed through it. Yet as he dug the cutter shed door open, dug out the stable door, fed and harnessed his team, the fears of the night seemed very far away and Dave was anxious to start.

"Yes, we'll make it!" slapping Jerry's hip. "Now for a hot breakfast."

Mildred had everything ready for him when he came in. As he munched his toast and drank cups of hot coffee, he debated the question of stimulants.

"Yes, I'll take brandy, but not too much—if I get started drinking out on the trail, I might not stop—but I'll take a little and be careful of it."

As Dave ate, Mildred fussed round him. She wanted to say something that would help, but she hardly knew what it should be.

"Here is your satchel ready. The robes are warming, the foot-warmer is just burning up and will have a good start when you are ready for it," she told him as he came out of the bedroom dressed and ready.

She hung on his neck for a minute as they parted. "Dave, it won't be so bad—good luck," she whispered as she kissed him.

At last he was out on the trail, and into the teeth of the gale plodded the weather-tried horses. The storm howled down on them, it engulfed them. And such a wind—a wind that seemed to drag the breath out of the body and leave one gasping.

Dave crouched in his seat, with eyes only visible, cutter piled high with robes, let the horses set their own pace and keep to the trail. They were following a graded road fenced on both sides, things greatly in their favour. The grade was for the majority of the way, too, swept clear of loose snow, so that by and large the sledding was good.

The horses had two things to fight—the whirling storm that blinded and staggered, and the giant drifts that lay in places, caused by some obstacle to the free sweep of the wind.

Dave knew the road, every foot of it—so did the horses. Where the travelling was easier he had little to do, the team could be trusted. But he knew that he must keep an eye to drifts and guide his team around them when possible.

To stimulate the blood circulation, Dave swung his arms or stamped his feet, one process then the other constantly. Even more important, to keep his courage high, he shouted inane nothings into the storm or talked away to himself in the shelter of his huge fur collar.

Twice during the morning, Dave was forced to get out and wallow behind, holding tightly to the

back of the cutter while the team plunged through monster drifts.

And so the long day passed. As the afternoon wore on the strain was beginning to tell. The horses battered on, gone was all their early morning eagerness. And Dave? He kept repeating to himself, almost hysterically at times: "Can't quit! Can't quit! Just can't."

As the paralyzing cold slowly overpowered him, instead of fighting harder and harder, swinging his arms in still wilder frenzy, his movements became spasmodic and more feeble. A sip of the precious brandy would stimulate for a short period. Again the cold would slowly creep back up the veins—another sip and a few futile gestures.

The horses were being left more and more to themselves. As a matter of fact the travelling was becoming easier. The storm was subsiding, and now little snow was blowing. However, it was becoming colder and colder.

The change favoured the team, and now with the change the drifts remained the one immediate danger. These had been becoming harder throughout the day, and some almost had crust enough to hold the weight of horses and sleigh. The team might make a few uncertain steps on a drift, only to break through and flounder for the rest of the way, the crust breaking at every further step.

The driver should have been watching for these drifts and attempting to guide his horses around them. But the team was doing it all. As Dave crouched into the robes, meager stimulant all gone, numb and tired, he had given up.

"I can't fight any more—God, will I freeze before the horses take me through?—well, I'm beat—I'm yellow—Oh, Christ!—How far are we?" Raising his head he peered out.

"Milson's bridge, four miles yet—I'll freeze first—I'm feeling dead drowsy now and that means—I'll have to fight this sleep!" So rousing himself with a crazy laugh he began wildly swinging one arm.

Soon he slumped back in his seat—"Tom, damn you, don't look around! Curse you!" Then to himself: "The horses can't—tell—I've—qu-i-t."

A lurch came more violent than usual, one runner broke through the crust and the cutter tipped dangerously, throwing Dave violently against the side. The horses were down to their bellies. With ice-rimmed and almost breaking nostrils, heaving sides and trembling limbs, the "best team around Antelope" was plunging desperately. But Tom and Jerry were staggering on the point of exhaustion. They began to lose their coordination. Jerry stopped. Tom plunged again. There was a loud crack, the reins were jerked out of nerveless hands and the cutter moved no more.

"They're gone!" muttered the lurching figure, now collapsing and sliding to the floor of the cutter. "Damn it, horses gone!"

Nothing broke the whining song of the icy wind. The cutter was the one object that disturbed the measureless expanse. It also was conforming to the all-pervading white monotony—the snow was sifting over the bank and slowly covering everything.

Within the cutter silence reigned. Dave, chilled to the bone, with senses benumbed and mind leth-



argic, crouched a beaten man—he should soon be a rigid corpse——

The wind whined, the snow drifted, all else was still.

But Dave was not freezing to death. If unearthly fiends hovered around the sleigh twisted into that wind-swept snowbank, they, with ghostly fingers on the occupant's pulse, would be howling in weird disappointment. For the pulse was stirring a little faster again.

Life was returning to the man squatting on the floor of the sleigh, for, piled on all sides as he was, and huddled directly over the foot-warmer that still held a spark of fire, the blood stream was quickening. The stupid brain was receiving renewed stimulations.

"I'm freezing—God, where is my fight? It's gone, gone," he slobbered weakly.

"They'll find me tomorrow—a quitter—frozen in my sleigh—Huh?—I've fooled them before—I've fooled them before—Always fooled everybody—Must fool them."

He rolled over on unfeeling elbows, climbed over the cutter side and worked his way forward.

"Oh, no! Have to get my grip. I'm going to save a woman's life." He added the last phrase with a reechy laugh as he searched amongst the robes for his satchel.

He was again up to his waist in snow. He struggled on all fours, following the path that had been broken by the escaping team. He took the satchel in his teeth.

"I'll fool them," the lips said. After a moment it came again, "I'll fool them." He dragged on for a minute longer, then his head sank forward on the satchel, "This's far enough——"

Nothing moved but the ever-drifting snow. The wind continued to sink. After a time the sky cleared and the moon looked down on the glittering frozen waste.

The horrified search-party found him in the morning.

Such a story as they told would lose nothing in the re-telling. It forced a stoop-shouldered gray old man on his knees beside his bed.

"God, God!" dry, dry sobs. "Oh, God, I was wrong, Libby was right. Forgive me, God!"

Next summer workmen erected a large white monument over a well-tended grave in the village cemetery at Antelope.

Simply, it told the story of the young doctor who had given his life when duty called. Below, traced on the shining marble just above the brown earth, ran the words:

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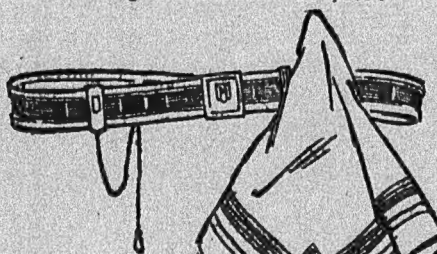
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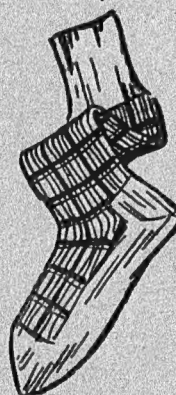
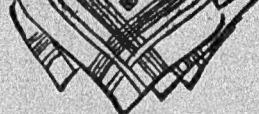
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